De-cruited

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Summary: After the defeat of Grima, Robin has been tasked with firing the different Shepherds. Join him as he lets each of them down as easily as he can.

Chapter 1: Lissa

This story is inspired by the "Ex-Men" skits from the Pete Holmes Show. It involved Professor X evaluating different X-Men and letting them go them.

I'm doing the same for Robin and the Shepards. I'm not gonna promise that they all will make sense, or that they will all be funny, or that they will all be good, or that they will be consistent (As I get to the end of the list, I may say that some people are worse than people who have already been fired, so this is all isolated). I do promise that I will do them all. In an order.

Alright. Let's start with Lissa!

Robin sat behind his desk in his office, a bored expression on his face. Across from him sat Lissa, who was politely smiling at him. They sat in silence for a few minutes until Robin broke the ice.

"How are you sitting down?" He asked.

"What?" Lissa asked, surprised.

"Your dress is this weird, metal, puffy...thing. There's no way for you to sit your butt down on the chair without moving the entire case." Robin said. he looked down at the dress. "Is the chair...under all of that?"

"No!" Lissa replied, slightly annoyed. "I moved the chair. I'm sitting on a stool."

"Ah. That makes sense." Rodin said. "By which I mean it makes no sense at all! I understand if you needed to wear it for combat! You probably have to hold up some royal stature on the battlefield, and not all of us can have our capes blow heroically in the wind like Chrom. God knows Cynthia's tried." He muttered. "This isn't combat! You can wear something normal!"

"But I'm a Shepherd!" Lissa retorted. "I need to be ready for battle whenever it happens! Why are you so caught up about this? Is this why you called me down?"

"Good point." Robin commented. "Let's get down to business. You're fired."

"...WHAT?!" Lissa shouted. "Why?!"

"Because you're useless in battle!" Robin said.

"I heal people!" Lissa said.

"You know who else can heal people? A bunch of other people, who are also able to kick insane amounts of ass! Anna! Rickon! Stupid, sexy Libra…" Robin muttered to himself.

"W-Well, I could become a War Cleric!" Lissa said.

"Right. With your striking force, I'm sure the enemy will be cowering with fear. A leaf blown in the wind could do more damage than you!" Robin said. "I want soldiers who can hold their own, not people who spend so much time with bodyguards they end up marrying them." He paused. "Congrat to you and Frederick, by the way."

"..." Lissa glared at him.

"Also, you're royalty. Your older sister is dead...ish. I don't think she's fit to rule the way she is now. Chrom is pretty badass, but if he fell in battle, you would be the only one left to be Exalt. I'm thinking responsibly here." Robin said.

"But I wanna be a Shepard!" Lissa exclaimed.

"You were a Shepherd. And you helped kill a demon-dragon-god...thing." Robin said. "So that's a good place to end things, I'd say."

"But...But…" Lissa stuttered, but Robin had already begun to wake her off.

"Alright, bye now." He muttered, looking at a folder. "Leave before I melt you with my fire magic. You could probably heal yourself it that happened. Actually you can't, which is also pretty annoying." A pastry hit Robin's head as Lissa stormed out the door.

Robin held the frosted cake in his hand.

"You gonna finish that?"

"NAGA!" Robin yelped in surprise. He dropped the cupcake. Gaius picked it up and ran out of the room.

"...Dick."

Ok. That's one down. A lot more to go.

I actually like Lissa in the game. She's helpful in the earlier missions, but I kinda switched out the earlier healers got the combat healers. At least I like her as a person. Wait till we get to Maribelle, that'll be fun.

Up next: Frederick!

Chapter 2: Frederick

Also, quick heads up, most of these are gonna be pretty short.

"Hello, Frederick." Robin said to the Great Knight.

"Good day, Robin." He replied. The two sat there for a few seconds.

"So." Robin said. "Let's see your résumé. You can ride a horse and use a sword. Or a spear, whatever you want." He closed the folder. "What would you say makes you stand out from the other people who ride horses and use weapons? Or the people who ride horses but use magic? Or the people who use weapons but ride dragons? Or the people who just are fucking dragons?"

Frederick sat calmly through Robin's questions. "I believe my loyalty to the royal family makes me a valuable addition to the Shepherds."

"You mean made." Robin said. "You aren't a Shepherd anymore."

"What?!" Frederick shouted. "By whose authority?!"

"Mine." Robin replied. "Which was given to me by the Exalt."

"Oh." Frederick replied, sitting back down.

"The Exult also told me to tell you to take off your pants and twerk like a madman." Robin said.

Frederick sighed and began to take off his armor. Robin stopped him right away.

"No. No. No. Don't. You actually think Chrom told me that? Naga, Freddy, that's…" Robin tried to find a word, then sighed. "You are way too obsessed with following the rules."

"Of course." Frederick said. "Why would they be there if not to be followed?"

"No, I get SOME of the rules." Robin said. "What I mean is that you take away any leeway you would be able to give yourself to relax."

"Lissa has been teaching me to-"

"I don't want to know about your sex life, Fred!" Robin exclaimed. "Given how you seem to act around royalty, I can't imagine what happens in the bedroom between you and Lissa! Is she on top?"

"Please stop this line of questioning." Frederick said.

"You brought it up!" Robin exclaimed. "Anyway, you're still knight captain or whatever you were, but you aren't a Shepard. So get out."

Frederick sighed and began to walk out of the office.

"Wait. Frederick." Robin said.

Frederick turned around hopefully.

"Walk out of here moonwalking and holding your crouch." Robin said.

"Why would I do such a thing?!" Frederick exclaimed.

"Because I'm married to royalty." Robin replied, waving the hand with his wedding ring on it. "Now, dance monkey!"

Frederick, with tears forming in his eyes, began dancing out of the room. Robin leaned back in his chair and laughed to himself.

You'll figure out all the ships as we go along.

Next up: Sully!

Chapter 3: Sully

I'm gonna be a bit casual with some swears, but not others. You'll see what I mean soon.

"You're firing me?!" Sully shouted.

Robin unplugged his ears. "Yup. Because you're useless."

"I have my uses, you piece of crap!" She shouted at him. "I'll show you! Throw down! Right now!" She attempted to flip over the desk.

Robin pushed down on the table, preventing her from flipping it. "Hey! This has all my strategy stuff on it!"

"Fight me!" Sully snarled.

"NO! This is exactly why I'm firing you! You're too hostile! We have plenty of other people with the same skills as you, so you won't be missed."

"I will tear your dick off!"

"...Not helping, Sully." Robin said. "Look, You still get to be a knight, but I think that, if you want to be a Shepard, you gotta be willing to be kind to people."

Sully calmed down. "Well, I suppose-"

"Also, your horse is an asshole!" Robin said. "Seriously! I'm thinking maybe we take it on a trip to the glue factory, let nature happen! It has an irrational hatred of me ever since that time you were bathing!"

"WHAT?!"

"Oh, no. Vaike was watching you. I'll get to him later. In the mean time, get out of my office. Otherwise I'll make it mandatory that you wash your mouth with soap, since you're always swearing!" Robin paused. "They aren't really that bad of swears. Tell me the worst word you know."

"...DamnHellCrap…" Sully muttered.

"That's just a combination of all the swears you know." Robin said. "What about 'shit?' 'Fuck'? The n-word? The c-word?"

"I wouldn't use those words! They offend people!" Sully commented.

"If you're gonna be vulgar, you have to commit." Robin said. "Now, get out of my office. I'll magic you if you don't." He said, waving Sully off.

She glared at him and left the office.

"...I probably shouldn't leave to office for a few hours. Or days. She might try to kill me later…" Robin muttered.

Those words aren't what you think.

Up next: Virion!

Chapter 4: Virion

The length of these is really going to depend on the character. This one is a bit longer then the others.

Robin glared at Virion, who was seated across from him.

"Is there something wrong, my good tactician?" Virion asked.

"...I'm thinking about letting you go." Robin replied.

"What?!" Virion exclaimed. "Do explain, old friend!"

"I'm a bit conflicted about it, though." Robin said. "On one hand, you are extremely skilled. I could send you against a squad of soldiers, riders, Risen, all by yourself. You could shoot an arrow into the air and kill all of them in one shot. Just like Legolas…" He muttered.

"Who?" Virion asked.

Robin ignored him. "On the other hand, you are a huge asshole."

"I beg you pardon?!" Viron exclaimed. "Please enlighten me on this most poorly based judgment on my character!"

"See, it's shit like that that makes you look like an asshole." Robin said. "That sentence could have been much shorter than it actually was. Also, I've decided to fire you. Not on the fence about it anymore."

"But-But I am Duke Virion! The Greatest Archer who ever lived! Swooner of Women from different sides of the world! The most marvelous thing to ever set foot upon the face of the planet!"

"Still making yourself sound like an asshole." Robin commented. "I mean, I know you're skilled, and you can prove most of the claims you make, although I can't speak for the swooning thing." He paused. "Actually, in my opinion, most of the other male Shepherds would kick your ass in picking up women. Hell, even Inigo could, if he flaunted around more of that inner tragic hero stuff he has all bottled up."

"But...But…" Virion stuttered.

"Also, aren't you a duke? What are you even still doing here? Go back to Roxanna or wherever you come from!"

"Rosanne." Virion corrected.

"I really don't give a crap. I mean, I know the people there kinda hate you because you are an asshole who is kinda full of himself."

"But I did it to protect them!" Virion exclaimed.

"If you just told people that, I'm positive you would be swimming in pussy. I've always found it pretty ironic how the people who claim to be ladykillers never use the attributes they have that could pick up women to pick up women, and instead insist on use foppish personas to pick women up. Kinda like Bruce Wayne…" He stared intently at Virion. "Are you Batman?"

"Who is Batman?" Virion asked.

"No, wait. Gerome is Batman." Robin said, shaking his head. "Now, get out of here. You have people to take care of. Or ignore. Or bang." Robin paused as Virion began to walk out the door. "Wait. I've never seen you and Gerome in the same place. Are you Gerome?"

Virion was already gone.

"Fine. You can be Green Arrow!" Robin shouted after the duke. "Like Batman, but not nearly as cool. Also, he's kinda a dick. This is actually a really good comparison. I'm surprised that I didn't think of it before."

I don't know why Robin is talking about superheros. Just suspend your disbelief for the sake of comedy.

Up next: Stahl

Chapter 5: Stahl

I should mention now, I'm basing all the pairings off of my first play through of the game. That also applies to recruits. I am going to include some of the recruits I didn't get, but I'm also going to cut the ones I didn't. They are still gonna have chapters. You'll see.

Robin looked at Stahl, who was sitting across from him, smiling.

"What seems to be the problem, Robin?" Stahl asked.

"I'm letting you go." Robin replied.

"Huh." Stahl frowned at the tactician. "Why?"

Robin looked at him. "You seem to be taking it pretty well."

"Well, you might have a good reason." Stahl replied.

"Alright." Robin said. "It's just that, as Shepherds, we should aim to be more than ordinary. Like our namesake, Commander Shepherd."

"I...I don't think we were named after a Commander, Robin." Stahl said.

"I know that!" Robin exclaimed. "That's one of your problems! You're just too...ordinary! Too plain! This conversation isn't as interesting as other ones! Frederick was nearly twerking at this point!"

"W-What?" Stahl stuttered.

"Look, you know that you are pretty ordinary. We have far more interesting people on the team then you. You don't compare to the dragons or wizards or people who can turn into dragons."

"Wait, have you only been firing people who don't have magical powers?" Stahl asked. "You're the guys in charge of making all our strategies. Are you unaware of the weapon triangle?"

"It's stuff like that that makes you seem so boring!" Robin exclaimed. "I mean, what the hell is a weapon triangle? It sounds pretty stupid! You wanna know what my weapon triangle is?" He counted it off. "Dragon, bunny…" He looked at the third finger. "...Uh...Badass magic! The three-way of death! Nothing can beat my strategic mind! I AM A MASTER TACTICIAN!"

Robin stood on his desk as he shouted this proclamation. Stahl stared at him, an awkward silence filling the air.

"...Actually, I think I might ask to resign from my duties." Stahl said. "I don't really trust you with my life."

"..." Robin got off of the desk and sat down. "Fair enough. Have a nice day, Stahl."

Robin's kinda a dick.

Up next: Miriel!

Chapter 6: Miriel

Like I said, these are going to be hit or miss.

"Ok. Miriel." Robin said, looking at the mage sitting across from him. "Normally, I would like to keep all the magic users on our team, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to let you go."

"Really?" Miriel asked, with an expression that was both emotionless and curious. "Why would that be?"

Robin looked at her, surprised. "You're also taking it pretty well. No wonder you and Stahl got together…"

"Did you fire him too?" She asked.

"Yes. He's too plain. I want the Shepherds to be great, not ordinary."

Miriel looked at the tactician, studying him. Robin squirmed under her gaze.

"I don't believe that." Miriel said. "If that were the case, why would you be firing me?"

"Because you are almost as sociopathic as Henry!" Robin exclaimed.

"You appear to be grasping at straws." She said calmly.

"No! I mean," Robin stuttered. "You control it pretty well, like Sherlock, but I'm pretty sure you wouldn't bat an eye if somebody were to die in front of you!"

"Is that not what we are supposed to do?" Miriel asked. "As Shepherds, we can't stop and cry every time somebody dies."

"...The Sherlock analogy was pretty good." Robin commented. "You're psychoanalyzing me. That's the problem with you. You seem to have the urge to make everything an experiment. It's pretty annoying. Yarne was complaining the other day that you wanted to dissect him in order to 'see the effects of a union between human and taguel.'"

"I told him I would only do it if he was dead." She said, then paused. "Although, knowing how nervous he tends to get, he might now think I am going to kill him."

"Don't take it personally. Kid's a pussy." Robin smirked.

"Who is dating your daughter."

His smile fell. "Don't remind me."

"Very well." Miriel said. "I do want to point out that Nah was much more cooperative in the regard of trans-species mating rituals."

"...That sounds much more dirty than it actually is, right?" Robin asked.

"It's just a blood sample." Miriel said. "I do not wish to have the conversation with Henry and Nowi about how exactly they intend to create her, but I will if it is for science."

"Well, there's one mental image I won't be able to unsee…" Robin muttered.

"On that note, I will take my leave." Miriel said, and stood up from her chair. "By the way, did you know that Stahl and I apparently had a son in the future?"

"O-oh." Robin stuttered. He knew. "Really?"

"Yes. Nah told me about him. I'm curious why he never showed up during the war."

"N-No need to worry about that!" Robin exclaimed nervously. "Now get out of my office or magic and...stuff…"

Miriel looked at him strangely, and left the office.

I feel like I may have padded this one too much, but it ended on a strong note.

You do have a bit more information on the ships. I'n not gonna tell you all of them outright because where's the fun in that?

You can probably see where this is going, but it won't happen for a while.

Up next: Vaike!

Chapter 7: Vaike

I like this one.

Robin studied the shirtless man sitting across from him.

"...How small is your dick, anyway?" He asked.

"What!?" Vaike exclaimed. "What kind of question is that?!"

"Well, you are clearly overcompensating for something." Robin said. "You carry a huge axe and are obsessed with your physical health. Like I said, clearly you have a small dick."

"I'll have you know that, according to the ladies, ol' Teach's little soldier is enormous!" Vaike exclaimed.

"Ok, first off, what ladies?" Robin asked. "Secondly, who are you even teaching? Chrom? The other Shepherds? I have never seen you give anybody a lesson in anything!"

"Why are you questioning the ways of the Vaike?" Vaike asked, striking a pose.

"Oh yeah, I forgot to mention that." Robin said. "You're fired. Usually I open with that."

"WHAAAAAAAT?!" Vaike exclaimed, falling out of his dramatic pose. "Why would you do that?!"

"Because, quite frankly, you're an annoying asshole!" Robin replied. "You were useful early on, don't get me wrong. We would need a heavy hitter and you would do the...heavy hitting. Lately, though, I don't really see your point."

"What do you mean?!" Vaike shouted. "Ol' Teach can do a bunch of things for ya! Like, just tell the Valke-"

"For the love of all things that are good and holy, stop talking in the third person!" Robin exclaimed. "It makes no sense for you to do that. Gregor can do it, but Gregor is supposed to be German...or was it Russian…Maybe Hulkish. Look, I'm not gonna get caught up in all the accents going on here. Point is, your annoyingness outweighs your use to the Shepherds."

"But the Vaike wants to be a hero!"

"You already helped us win two wars." Robin said. "I think you can live off of that glory."

Vaike stormed toward the door.

"I'll show you to mess with the Vaike…" He muttered. "Ol' Teach and Robin are gonna have a bit of a sparring match next time they see one another…"

"That's nice." Robin muttered. "Get out before I hurt you with magic." Vaike walked out the door. "Also," Robin called after him. "Could you tell Sully to leave the castle? I'm not coming out as long as she's out there. I've been stuck in this office for days. out of fear, and I'm running out of rations…"

It's a callback...

Like I said, no continuity. There might be some continuity, but don't hold me to it.

Up next: Sumia!

Chapter 8: Sumia

"So, you seduced Chrom with pies?" Robin asked.

"He said they were tasty…" Sumia muttered.

"..." Robin glared at the woman in front of him. "I'm afraid we're gonna have to let you go."

"What-What do you mean?!" Sumia stuttered.

"You're fired. From the Shepherds." He replied. "Although, now that I think about it, you are married to the king, so I'm surprised that you don't already know that."

"Why am I fired?" Sumia asked.

"Personal reasons aside, you are absolutely useless in combat." Robin said. "You're always the first person to fall in combat, no matter what we're fighting! I could stand it if it you slowly got better with experience, but it seems like you always need somebody by your side to help you! The only thing I think you contributed to our combat experience is the addition of Cynthia! Even she's annoying! And what's with all the tripping?! Is it supposed to make you charming or something?! Naga, I didn't realized I would be ranting this much about you, but here we are!" Robin exclaimed.

"...What did you mean, personal reasons?" Sumia asked.

"Well, I'm the kind of guy who really values friendship-"

"Which is why you're firing all of your friends." Sumia commented.

"...Two things. One: I want to be friends with people after this, but for some reason, all of them are kinda bitter." Robin said. "And two: it's too late to try to win me over by being snarky. You made this bed, so sleep in it."

"Why do you think I don't value friendship?" Sumia asked, any sadness or rage in her face being replaced with confusion.

"Well, you would you say you're best friend is?" Robin asked.

Sumia's face lit up. "Oh! Easy! Cordelia-" Her face fell. "Oh."

"Oh indeed." Robin said. "Your friend has been madly in love with a guy for years, which is something I'm pretty sure you already knew about. Then you come in with your pies and tripping and face-punching, and you hook up with the love of your best friend's life! Are you guys the kind of best friends that secretly hate each other? Best frenemies?"

"I'm not going to apologize for falling in love." Sumia said, glaring at Robin.

"I'm not saying that. What I am saying is that it may have been a tad...distasteful to make her your maid of honor…"

"...You might be right about that." Sumia admitted. "But she got over it." She blushed a bit.

"...Standing three-way offer?"

"She suggested it the moment me and Chrom got engaged." Sumia admitted.

Robin sighed. "I'll cross that bridge when I get to it. Now get out of here before I magic you. Your Highness." He shooed off Sumia.

She turned over to Robin at the door.

"Are you guys still coming over for dinner next Monday?" She asked.

"Of course, There's a reason Chrom fell in love with you over pies." Robin smiled at the queen. She smiled back and left his office. "That was pleasant. No death threats or swearing. Well, not on her part, anyway..." Robin made a face. "Then again, even without being in the Shepherds, she's still the fucking QUEEN. Not a lot to lose…"

Sumia is not that great in combat, but she is a nice person. That puts her above...other characters. You could probably guess-

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"She could want to stay in combat." A voice said.

"NAGEN CROOL!" Robin shouted, falling back in his chair. "Who's there?!"

"Uh." Kellam stood in front of Robin. "Just me…You use the N-word and the C-word. I'm surprised."

"How long have you been here, Kellam?!" Robin asked.

"You called me up the other day. I've been here for a while, eating your candies." Kellam said.

"So that's where those have gone…" Robin muttered. "I was gonna blame Gaius, to be honest. Why didn't you tell me you were here?"

"Well," Kellam said. "You do some pretty fascinating stuff when you're alone. No really fascinating. More like...an accident that you just can't get your eyes off."

"...You didn't see the…" Robin said, glancing down at a draw in his desk. "What am I saying? You probably did…"

"I promise not to tell." Kellam said. "Although I assume you called me down to fire me…"

"What?" Robin said. "No way! In fact, I was going to ask you to reclass as a thief!"

"...Why would I do that?" Kellam asked.

"Because you're so sneaky!" Robin exclaimed. "I could use you for a ton of different spec-op missions! It would be awesome!"

"Actually," Kellam said, "I was wounding if I could take a leave of absence."

"What?" Robin said. "Why?"

"Because I realized that, I could live a much more interesting life given that people only noticed me when I attempt to draw attention to myself." Kellam replied.

"So, wait, let me get this straight." Robin said. "Are you telling me that, the only reason you are leaving the Shepherds is that you want to go out into the world and generally fuck with people?"

"More or less." Kellam replied.

Robin glared at him. "Kellam, you know I can't allow you to do that. As Shepherds, it is our utmost duty to stand guard over the people of our nation. If we were to ah AH HA HA HA!" Robin sunk down into his chair, laughing. He wiped away a tear. "I almost got through the whole thing. Sorry about that." He grinned at Kellam. "You completely have my blessing! So long as you promise to return with tales of your adventures!"

"Very well." Kellam said. "I'm surprised how open you are to letting me go."

"Well, I was probably going to have to let you go anyway." Robin admitted. "You aren't as good in combat as you used to be. Also, people have said that the women's bath house is haunted. You should probably get out of here before people connect the dots."

"Right." Kellam smiled, leaving the office. "Thanks for the warning."

"No problem, Kell." Robin said. "What a stand up guy! I mean, he is a pervert, a prankster, and he could become a serial killer. But still, he has a good sense of humor."

Robin sat there in silence for a few seconds.

"Well, do the thing! Chapter's over."

Ok. Sorry about that interruption. I didn't notice he was there.

I'm curious at what point I'll piss someone off. It's probably gonna happen at some point, since I'm doing all recruitable characters. I think the chances will increase when I get to the kids.

Chapter 9: Lon'qu

I probably should have expected this to get harder, the more competent the person.

Luckey, Lon'qu has an easily exploitable weakness!

"..."

Robin looked at the silent swordsman. "Lonny, do you know why I called you here?" he asked.

"...Do not call me that." Lon'qu said.

"Lon-bon," Robin said, ignoring him, "I'm afraid that I'm probably gonna have to let you go. You're sword skills are extremely impressive. You're probably the most badass person I know. You are also like the Batman of this group."

"Who?" Lon'qu said. "And also?"

"The problem," Robin said, ignoring him yet again, "is that your fear of women makes it extremely difficult to pair you off with the other Shepherds. I mean, what if a healer is coming up to you, and you run away in fear? With a broken leg?"

"That is wrong." Lon'qu said. "I will defend anybody on the battlefield, regardless of gender. Ever since I got married, I've gotten better with women."

Robin pulled out a few sheets from under his desk. "Alright, if what you say is true, how do these make you feel?" He asked, holding up one of the sheets.

Lon'qu's eye's widened. "W-Why do you have that?" He stuttered.

"I wanted to see if you built up a tolerance." Robin replied.

"Why would I need to see- What does that even have to do with battle?!" Lon'qu stammered, nearly falling out of his chair.

"You never know what's gonna happen on the battlefield…" Robin replied.

"Who did you even get to pose for this!?"

"Wouldn't you like to know." Robin replied. "Does this make you feel uncomfortable?"

"Yes." Lon'qu replied. "But I'm sure, given the situation, it would make anybody uncomfortable. What does this have to do with battle?"

"Well," Robin explained. "If seems that your fear of women is pretty common knowledge. In my opinion, that's not good. It's like how everybody knows that Superman's weakness is Kryptonite. If I were him, I would keep that shit under wraps. You know what I'm saying?"

Lon'qu glared at Robin.

"...Right. Anyways, say some warlord hears about you leading a small force against his stronghold. If he needed to, he could litter his army with armed, nude women. While this would be distracting to most soldiers, it would completely incapacitate you."

"That hardly sounds convenient." Lon'qu commented. "If they were not armed, they could easily be taken out by arrow fire."

"Yeah, but if he wanted to take out the one Shepherd in the group, he would only need one." Robin said.

"If somebody were to approach me in combat, nude or not, I would…" Lon'qu paused. "...You know."

"Yup." Robin replied. "I needed to know what caused you to be afraid of women, so I asked around."

"Who told you?" Lon'qu asked.

"Her parents." Robin replied.

"...I understand what you are trying to say." Lon'qu admitted. "It would be difficult to have a powerful soldier with an

obvious weakness. I will work to get rid of it."

"Good." Robin said. "Now, I can recommend a few places that can help you get over that fear." He handed Lon'qu a list. "Now, they aren't what you would call 100% legal, but they get the job done."

"I-I don't think Cordelia would approve of this…" The swordsman stuttered.

"Sure she would. Just talk to her about it. She'll understand." Robin replied. "Now go out there and get some pussy! Let me know when you got over it, cause you really are a badass swordsman that this team needs!"

Lon'qu left the office, and Robin sighed.

"Well, pulled that outta my ass." He looked at the sheet he showed Lon'qu. "How can she bend like that…?"

Yup. Remember, not all good, but they will all be done.

My system has been to make the interviewee crazy if possible, or, if they are too reasonable of a Shepherd, have Robin be the crazy one. It works pretty well.

Up next: Maribelle

Chapter 10: Maribelle

Oh. This one.

Robin sat across from a formal, well-dressed young woman, grinning like a madman.

"Is there any particular reason you summoned me down here, or did you just want to 'catch up,' as you would call it?" Maribelle asked.

Robin's grin broke with a fit of laughter, which confused the girl even more.

"Am I missing something here?" She asked, annoyed.

Robin managed to compose himself.

"Sorry about that." He said. "You are so fired."

"...WHAT?!" Maribelle exclaimed. "Explain yourself at once!"

"Alright." Robin said. "Let's start with the things I do like about you. Or, to be more realistic, the thing. I appreciate the fact that you ride a horse. I think it's smart, since you can easily travel around the battlefield, healing people and stuff. So, you know, I dig it."

"...What does this have to do with ditches?" She asked.

"Anyway, first question here: What in Naga's name is a Trobadour?"

"I-I don't have to answer that!" Maribelle exclaimed.

"I see." Robin said. "I expected that, but not with the hostility. I took the liberty of looking up what it means." Robin pulled out a scroll. "Apparently, it is a ' composer and performer of Old Occitan lyric poetry during the High Middle Ages."

"What in the world is an Old Occitan?" She asked.

"I figured you would know, since you named yourself that. I just copied this off of an encyclopedia." Robin admitted. "Going by that definition, you are in no means a Trobadour. For one thing, that's the masculine definition, so you would actually be referred to as…" Robin looked at the sheet again. "...a 'trobairitz. Shit, that's even harder to pronounce."

"I highly doubt that my title is a plausible reason for letting me go." Maribelle commented.

"Well, there's also the fact that you are useless in battle." Robin commented. "We already had Lissa, so why would be need you? I mean, aside from your horse. Like I told the good princess, we have plenty of healers on the team that can also kick a good amount of ass. Anna, Rickon, stupid, sexy Libra…" Robin muttered before zoning off. "...Where was I?"

"You were telling me off for being unable to participate in combat." Maribelle replied.

"Oh, right. Want to know a fun fact? When we saved you from Gangrel-"

"Why is that deplorable man even in our army?" Maribelle interrupted.

"You know, I've been asking Chrom the same question ever since we recruited him." Robin commented. "He kept saying stuff about 'giving him a second chance' and 'him wanting to help us.' I swear to Naga, somebody could get membership to the Shepherds for helping an old lady cross the street."

"So what are you saying about my imprisonment at the Mad King's hands?" Maribelle asked.

"Well, as I was saying, when we rescued you, I kinda assumed you were just some civilian we had to save. I didn't realize that you were actually going to join us. I honestly thought you were a groupie for the first few weeks you were with us."

Maribelle huffed. "I understand when I'm not wanted somewhere. I'll just go back to my noble lifestyle, without any worries in the world."

"I can respect that." Robin said.

"You shall not be invited to any gatherings I hold. If you are, I implore you to keep in mind that it is a formal invitation, and not anything out of friendship."

Robin smirked at her as she walked out of his office. "Aw, I'm starting to get the feeling you like me!"

I honestly thought this would be me venting about Maribelle's character, but I actully managed to keep the low blows in check. I realize I haven't really wrote any of the Shepherds out of character that much. I know for a fact, not to give any spoilers, Gaius is going to be a bit...extreme.

Next time: Ricken

Chapter 11: Ricken

I'm starting to get into the characters that I used as arguments against other characters. Just remember that Robin is usually pretty unreasonable in these shorts. I'll use the Stahl chapter to bring up any questions of Robin's judgement. In order to prove his lack of judgement.

Robin looked at the boy sitting across from him. More specifically, he was looking at his forehead.

"Ricken," Robin said. "I'll give you a phone book if you ask politely."

"I'm OK!" Ricken exclaimed, although it was somewhat muffled by the table between him and the tactician.

"..."

"So, let's talk about your place on the Shepherds." Robin said to Ricken, who was glaring at him, sitting on top of a few books.

"What do you want to talk about?" Ricken asked.

"How old are you, anyway?" Robin asked the mage.

RIcken groaned. "Why does everybody always ask me that?!"

"Because you never answer the question." Robin replied. "Now, I'll ask you again, how old are you?"

Ricken shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "...Do you know how many people I've had to kill? If my age wasn't an issue then, it shouldn't be now!"

Robin, in spite of the grim fact, smiled. "Ah. Blackmail. I appreciate that, although you've kinda showed your hand when it comes to your age." Robin leaned back into his chair and folded his hands. "Well, I can't magic you like I usually do with people I disagree with. Are you sure this is a game you want to get into with a master tactician?"

"...Uh...Yes?" Ricken said, sweating nervously as he realized what he was getting into.

"So, does this make Olivia a pedophile?" Robin asked, his studying Ricken.

"No!" Ricken exclaimed. "It was a promise engagement! We haven't done anything…physical yet. You of all people should understand that situation!"

"My situation is much more complicated." Robin replied. "Time travel is confusing. So, anyway, you're going for the child soldier argument, are you?"

"Yes…" Ricken said timidly, then gained some confidence. "Yeah! Why'd you force me into all of those harmful situations?"

"I didn't force you into anything." Robin replied. "You volunteered to fight. Chrom told you to stay behind. It would be immoral if we forced you to do it. Besides, you're actually pretty competent, for a kid. You have a bit of growing up to do, but when you do it, you'll be a force to be reckoned with." Robin grinned to himself. "'Ricken-ed with.' Heh."

"Oh…" Ricken said. "So that means you're not firing me?"

"Unfortunately, no." Robin said. "You lied about your age, Ricken. I've let people get away with worse, but the fact is you were underage fighting in an army."

"But I helped you kill Grima!" Ricken exclaimed.

"Yes. And we are very grateful for that. You wanted to bring honor to your house? That should do the trick." Robin said.

"Oh. Alright…" Ricken said, shrugging in defeat.

"Now go out there and grow up kid!" Robin said, rubbing Ricken's head. Ricken pushed him away, but smiled at the tactician. He got up and left his office.

"That...actually went better than I thought it was going to be." Robin said to himself. "Now let's see who I got next…" He

glared at a piece of paper. "...Oh, this should go well…"

Robin was actually kinda reasonable in this chapter.

I think it might balance out the next chapter.

Up next...Gaius! This one could piss people off.

Chapter 12: Gaius

Given his first appearance in this story, back in Lissa's chapter, you should have guessed that Gaius' chapter would be a tad silly.

"Hello, Gaius." Robin said to the ginger thief sitting across from him. "Do you have any idea why I called you here?"

Gaius shrugged. "I dunno. Has to do with something sweet?" He reached into his pocket. HIs eyes suddenly widened in horror. "Oh crap."

Robin raised an eyebrow. "'Oh crap,' what?"

"I forgot to resupply my stash." Gaius said, opening his empty pockets. "I'm out of sweets."

"Oh." Robin sighed. "I thought it was something serious."

"This is serious!" Gaius exclaimed, losing his usual cool. "What am I supposed to do without a stash of candy?! I'll die!"

"How are you not diabetic?" Robin muttered. "Or, for that matter, fat?" He sighed. "Look, this meeting shouldn't take long, so I'm sure you can hold off until then."

Gaius nodded, but his skin was already beginning to pale, and dark bags began to form under his eyes.

"OK...So, I afraid we're gonna have to let you go." Robin said. He looked at Gaius, expecting a response, but got none. He decided to elaborate. "You're a useful fighter and all, but your loyalty to our cause is shaky at best. I mean, Chrom bought you out with a bag of sweets. I would understand that if you didn't agree with killing Emmeryn, and that it was a spur of the moment thing, both of which are true. But," Robin looked at a piece of paper in front of him. "According to these checks, you're still paid in candy."

"Yup." Gaius said quickly, eyes darting around the room. "Saves time. Would go to candy anyway."

"...You know you have a family, right?" Robin asked.

"Yup." Gaius responded. "They can take care of themselves. Cherche has a dragon. She can make money."

"I don't think your priorities are all that in line." Robin said. The door to the office opened up, and a maid walked in with a tray. "Oh. Hello. Here with the tea, right on time." He nodded at the maid as she placed the tray on his desk. He took a jelly pastry and a cup."So, how do you like your tea, Gaius?"

Gaius stared at the tea, his eyes as wide as some of the small plates. Suddenly, in one swift motion, he grabbed the small cup of sugar and shoved it in his face.

"NAGA!" Robin exclaimed. "Gaius, what the hell?!"

Gaius pulled the sugar cup away from his face. His mouth and nose were coated in the white powder of sugar. He eyed the pastry in Robin's hand.

"Can I have that?" He asked quickly.

"Gaius, there are even more present-"

"I WILL SUCK YOUR DICK FOR THAT!" Gaius shouted.

"Woah, Woah, Woah!" Robin exclaimed. "This isn't that kind of story!"

"GIMMIE!" Gaius exclaimed, jumping over the desk at Robin, and tackling him to the floor.

The two beaten up men sat in silence. Gaius was covered in a few burn marks while Robin mainly had bruises.

"...So I'm out, right?" Gaius asked.

Robin glared at him.

"Right." Gaius said. "I'll...I'll get some help about all...that." He stood up from his seat.

"You should. Cherche'll feed you to the dragon if you don't." Robin replied.

"Right. Gotta find a sugar...rehab." Gaius said.

"The first step is admitting you have a problem." Robin commented.

"...Never speak of this again?"

"Do you even have to say it?" Robin asked.

Robin has no real respect for the fourth wall.

Up next: Panne!

Chapter 13: Panne

This is the first time I had to write this and post it on the same day. Usually I have a bit of a backlog, since I write some of these quickly during my free periods.

"So, you can only turn into a bunny?" Robin asked Panne.

"...You've seen my transformation, right?" Panne asked. "The way you're wording that makes it sound like I only turn into a small hare."

"But it's a bunny." Robin said. "A giant, demon bunny."

"Yes." Panne said. "What's your point?"

"You're fired is my point." Robin replied.

"Why?" Panne asked, twitching one of her ears.

"You're keeping pretty calm." Robin commented. "This is gonna be like the Miriel meeting, isn't it?"

"I don't understand why you would want to fire me." Panne said. "Yes, I am a bunny, but I'm the size of a lion."

"I know that, but what I find disturbing is how you take the form of an attractive woman when you aren't in bunny mode." Robin commented. "I mean, I know you married Gregor, but I can't help but wonder if there is any difference between him...mating with you in this form and in bunny form."

Panne remained silent.

"...What the actual fuck?" Robin said. "Seriously? Really?"

"He said he was curious." Panne replied.

"...I'll address that with him later." Robin said. "Look, since you are this big bunny, hypothetically speaking, you could, maybe, let people ride you? It could be...you know…" Robin trailed off.

"...You want to ride me?" Panne said. "I thought you said the bunny thing wasn't intimidating."

"Well, you just sold me on it." Robin replied.

"...Regardless, I don't think it would do to have two tacticians ridings taguels." Panne said. "I saw Yarne and Morgan practicing mounted combat. They seemed to be practicing for a while, as they were quite exhausted…"

Robin looked at the taguel with a deadpan expression. He reached into his desk and pulled out a flask.

"...I'm beginning to suspect that they weren't practicing mounted combat." Panne commented. "But why would Morgan be on top?"

Robin took a swig of the flask. "I really don't want to continue this conversation." He gestured to Panne with the flask. "Want some?"

"...No." She said.

"What if I put a carrot in it?" Robin asked.

"...OK." She said.

"Well, you're still fired." Robin said, as he pulled out a cup and a bag of baby carrots.

"I accept that. I suspect you have your reasons." Panne said.

"Alright. Still want that drink?" Robin asked.

"I walked in on my child mating." She said. "I would."

"I suspect you would. Sounds like he was the bitch." Panne glared at him. "That's my girl."

Morgan and Yarne's respective chapters are one's I'm pretty excited to write, although they are a bit far off.

In case you were wondering, I also already know what I'm doing for the wife, Priam, and the ending chapters.

Chapter 14: Anna

I forgot to mention who the next person was last chapter. Sorry if that threw anybody off. Odds are it didn't. If you haven't figured it out, I'm mainly doing this in order of recruitment. That's going out the window once we get to Lucina, but still.

That said, here's one that breaks the pattern! I think you recruit Donnel before Anna typically, but I never got Donnel, so I got Anna first. I'm still doing a Donnel chapter.

"Hey, Robin?" The red-headed merchant asked the tactician across from her.

"Yeah, Anna?" Robin responded.

"I just want to clear the air about something that happened earlier in the war." She said.

"OK." Robin replied. "Shoot."

"You were flirting with me when I first joined, right?" Anna asked, winking at Robin.

"...Maybe." Robin replied. "But I can assure you it was completely professional."

"First off, I don't think there's any way to flirt with a co-worker and keep it completely professional." Anna said.

"I think the majority of the army would disagree with you on that." Robin commented.

"You heard most of the 'seduction' stories, right?" Anna responded. "Most of them either involve food or walking in on naked people."

"Eh. People have bonded over stranger things." Robin responded.

"Secondly, you were anything but professional when you flirted with me." Anna said.

"Hey, I was completely professional!" Robin retorted. "All I did was mention that there were more valuable things in the world than money!"

"For one thing, you were completely and utterly wrong about that." Anna said. "Secondly, you were gesturing to your crouch as you said that."

"...OK, maybe I could have handled that a little better." Robin said. "Fortunately, we aren't gonna have to worry about keeping things professional since you're fired."

There was an awkward pause. Anna opened her mouth to make a comment, but decided against it. It was much more fun to see Robin try to backtrack.

"...OK. I just heard that out loud. What I meant is that we aren't working together anymore not- Look, you know what I mean!"

"Yup." Anna said, smirking at the tactician. "You are aware it's going to cost a pretty penny to keep this story from coming out, right?"

"Yes, I know." Robin replied. "In case you were wondering, the reason you're being laid off is because we can't afford you. Why are you charging so much to serve in the army?"

"Because I got to make my own rate."

"...Should have realized that was a bad idea." Robin said. "Well, that was Chrom's fault, not mine."

"Well, as much as I'm gonna hate losing the royal paycheck, I think I'll survive." Anna said. "I'm probably gonna go back to my roots as a merchant. I was thinking about collecting all the gold I've made into a giant pool and swimming it!"

"...That sounds unsafe and unsanitary." Robin commented. "Now, get out of my office. I got stuff to do. Like find out what I can cut from my budget…"

"Alright then." Anna said, as she stood up and walked out of the room. "Just remember that, if I don't have the financial equivalent of a golden chicken on my doorstep by the fifth, I'm gonna have a bit of a girl talk with a certain time traveler!"

Robin put his hands on his face and groaned.

"How am I losing more money by firing somebody?"

I was gonna have Robin hook up with Anna, but then I thought about how funny (or disturbing) it would be for Robin to hook up with one of the future daughters. That way, he could always tell the parents that he's 'sleeping with their daughter.' Bonus points if the baby version of them is already born.

And a lot of the romance support do involve cooking and walking in on naked people. Maybe not with the pairings I used, but still.

Up next: Cordelia!

Chapter 15: Cordelia

I wasn't expecting there to be as much continuity in this story as there is. Well, if it ain't broke...

"You sent my husband to a strip club?!" Cordelia shouted.

"...What are those things in your hair?" Robin asked. "Are they wings? Is that uniform or something?"

"Are you changing the subject?" She asked.

"Kinda." Robin replied. "I wanted to talk to you about your obsession with Chrom."

"I-I'm not obsessed with Chrom!" Cordelia responded.

"Really?" Robin said, pulling out a sheet of paper. "I'm gonna break the fourth wall here and show you your official description from the game. You tell me what the problem here is. Ahem." Robin cleared his throat. "'An Ylissean Pegasus knight who has been friends with Sumia since childhood. Her beauty, skill, and record are surpassed by few, but-'" Robin paused. "Can you tell me what you think follows that 'but?'"

"Where did that description even come from?" She asked.

"'BUT,'" Robin continued. "'She cannot seem to win Chrom's heart.'" He looked up at Cordelia. "You see what the problem here is? A good half of your official description is based off of other people! This is supposed to be the most notable thing about you! It gives people an overview of your personality!"

"So you think I'm obsessed with Chrom, then?" Cordelia asked. "Like how Tharja is obsessed with you?"

"At least I own up to the fact that I'm obsessed with Robin." Tharja commented from her hiding place atop Robin's bookcase. "Libra knew full well that he only came second to Robin when we got married."

"Exactly!" Robin said.

Cordelia sighed.

"'The deepest, most frequent sigher.'" Robin read out loud. This earned him a glare from the Pegasus knight.

"So you think that's all to me?" Cordelia asked. "My friendship with Sumia and my obsession with Chrom?"

"No. That's my point. You have your own personality traits. I think the description should have focused more on your obsessive traits." Robin paused. "...Also, apparently your bisexuality."

"H-how do you know about-!" Cordelia stuttered.

"Master." Robin tapped his head. "Tactician."

"...It's more of a curiosity thing." She admitted.

"And how does Lon'qu feel about this?" Robin asked.

"Honestly? I don't really know. It's kinda like one of those celebrity exception list." She said.

"...I don't think those would really work with people you know." Robin commented.

"Says you." Tharja said. "I have a list, and do you want to know who-"

"Me, followed by me, followed by me, followed by me, followed by me." Robin interrupted.

"...Actually, fourth place is Priam. He strikes me as a guy who's hung like a Pegasus."

"Oh, I could totally see that." Cordelia commented.

"...Right…" Robin shifted uncomfortably in his seat. "Anyway, I should probably mention that you're fired."

"Oh, good." Cordelia said. "Saves me the trouble of quitting."

"Wait, you were gonna QUIT?!" Robin exclaimed.

"Oh, yeah." Cordelia said. "You said it yourself. I got a lot of potential, so I figured I should use it to help rebuild the Pegasus knights."

"B-but I was gonna make jokes about how you should ride a dragon instead of a Pegasus!"

Cordelia looked out the window. "I should probably get going. I paid one of the strippers extra to give Lon'qu a private show. Should relatively freak him out. Anyway, I'll see you later, Robin!" She smiled at the confused tactician and left the room.

"...What the hell just happened?!" Robin exclaimed.

"Heh heh. You kinda lost control over the meeting." Tharja commented. "...You know, you're still number one on the li-"

"GET THE HELL OUT OF MY OFFICE!"

So, yeah. You got Cordelia's chapter and a Tharja cameo. I figure she would spend most of her free time lurking around Robin's office.

I'll mention the general order now, if you didn't catch on yet. I'm doing the first generation characters first, then I'll do the kids. I think I'll just mix Tiki and Say'ri in the mix with the kids, since they are recruited after you can get the kids. After that, I'll do the Spot Pass characters, then the epilogue.

Up next: Donnel!

Chapter 16: Donnel

"Donnel…" Robin said. "Would you please wear your proper uniform?"

"I reckon I don't have an idea what ya'll are talking about." Donnel said, scratching his head under his helmet.

"...The pot, Donny. You're wearing a pot on your head." Robin said.

"Aw, that?" Donnel said. "Look, I just figured, since I was 'cruited with it, I was 'lowed to wear it."

"...That's not how uniforms work." Robin commented. "You're part of an army now, Don. You gotta follow the rules."

"But ya'll didn't have any problem with it back when we was at war!" Donnel exclaimed.

"Yeah, but-" Robin paused. "Actually, you have a point."

"Ye-haw! I get to keep it!" Donnel exclaimed.

"Yeah, you get to keep it." Robin replied. "Although I guess you're free to wear whatever you want, since you've just got de-cruited!" He grinned and winked at the wall next to him.

There was an awkward pause between the two men.

"...I don't reckon that's a word, ain't it?" Donnel finally asked, looking at the wall Robin was looking at. "And what are ya looking at?"

"...Nothing. It's nothing." Robin muttered. "I was just...trying something out. I don't think I'll do it again. Didn't work out as well as I thought it would, though." Robin paused. "What I was trying to say is that you're fired, Donny. Sorry bout that."

"W-What'd I do?!" Donny exclaimed.

"Ironically, uniform violations. Turns out that stuff piles up. Who knew?" Robin commented.

"Well, shucks!" Donnel exclaimed. "Now what am I supposed to do?" Donny said, sulking in his chair.

"I never said you were completely out of the army. Just the Shepherds." Robin said. "If you want' I could talk to Chrom about posting you in your old town. You could show off to all your old friends about how much of a badass you are!" Robin exclaimed.

"Gee, thanks!" Donnel said. "I don't reckon I'll do that, though. I'll be dandy just being a simple farmer again."

"So you aren't going to use the fact that you helped a giant dragon-god-thing to get laid? Because that's what I'm recommending." Robin said.

"Figure I might get some companionship based off of that. Guess I might be done with fighting, since we did do all that stuff." Donny said.

"Alright." Robin said. "I suppose you can get some rest if you want it." He smiled at Donnel. "You're a good kid, Donny. Even if you do have a strange taste of fashion…"

"Aw, shucks!" Donnel exclaimed. "You're pretty swell too, Robin! Tell ya what: If you ever find yourself round my parts, I'll let ya sleep in the spare room!"

"That's nice of you, Don-"

"'Though I think Ma might be usin' it to keep the pigs, so it might smell a bit."

"...That's nice, Donny. That sounds...pleasant."

Points to Robin for the blatant title drop.

I never recruited Donny. I couldn't level him up during his mission. Still, I think I did pretty OK with this chapter.

Up next: Nowi!

Chapter 17: Nowi

Sorry I couldn't update yesterday. I got caught up in school stuff, so I didn't have time to finish the update.

Anyway, I'll admit that my main argument here is used way better in Awkward Zombie. If you haven't seen the comic, I recommend you do.

"...How were you enslaved?" Robin asked Nowi, who wasn't sitting across from him, but, rather, was peeking through his book-case.

"Hmm?" The manakete tried to look at Robin over a comedic large stack of books. Some would assume she was gathering them up to read, but Robin knew Nowi better than that.

"Don't climb up on my tomes." Robin said bluntly. "Also, don't avoid the question. How could you get enslaved? When you were recruited, you were escaping from slavery. You can turn into a dragon, so I don't understand how they caught you in the first place.'

"I wanted to see what it was like to be a slave!" Nowi exclaimed. "For all I knew, it could have a been fun!"

Robin stared at her as she beamed at him. "...Fun. Slavery could be fun." Robin muttered. "And was it...fun?"

"No way!" Nowi exclaimed. "They only made you work and they didn't give you any time to play and they were mean!" She huffed and crossed her arms.

"So apparently slavers aren't the nicest people in the world." Robin said. "Thank you for that insight, Nowi. However, I'm afraid I'm going to have to let you go."

"What?!" Nowi shouted. "Why would you do that?! I can turn into a dragon! You always go on about how cool that is!"

"I know that, which is why my hands are kinda tied here." Robin replied.

"Well, what's the issue?" Nowi said. "Why are you firing me?"

"Too many uniform violations." Robin replied. "It's funny, I just had Donny in here about the same thing."

Nowi stood up in her chair. "Uniform violations?! What's wrong with what I'm wearing?"

"It's not really what you're wearing." Robin explained, looking away from her. "It's what you're not wearing."

"What, You guys are all caught up about how I dress?" Nowi laughed. "I'm over 1000 years old! I'm pretty sure I'm old enough to wear what I want!"

"Nowi, you aren't wearing pants." Rodin said. "Just some buckle...thing. It's as if somebody was wearing a chastity belt, but only a chastity belt, and they forgot to cover up the most important part of the chastity belt. Oh, but I guess that's not a problem with what you're wearing, since all the naughty bits are covered up by a flesh-colored ribbon! That's hardly appropriate for somebody your age!"

"I'm way older than you!" Nowi exclaimed.

"But you look like a twelve-year-old." Robin said. "Look, lets say there's a scale." Robin created an imaginary distance between his hands. "On this side of the scale, you have Nah. She's a kid, and dresses appropriately."

"I'm not dressing up like my daughter!" Nowi huffed again, growling at Robin.

"Would you want her dressing like you?" Robin asked.

"Not until she's older." Nowi replied.

"Speaking of older," Robin continued. "On the other side of the scale you have Tiki, who is so old she was around during the time of the Hero-King." Robin paused. "Notice that she actual wears clothing."

"So what?" Nowi asked.

"My point is that, if Tiki isn't dressing up like that, then your argument about you being old enough is a moot point." Robin said.

"Just because we don't dress the same way doesn't mean we have a dress code or something!" Nowi exclaimed.

"But the army does." Robin replied.

"Wait!" Nowi exclaimed. "There are tons of different people who don't follow that dress code! Ha!"

"Three things." Robin said. "First, most of the people who don't follow that dress code are in trouble for different reasons. Their dress code violations are not as severe or dangerous as your's or Donny's. Second, if you're claiming that there are people in the army who dress skimpier than you, imagine the company that puts you in."

Robin picked up a book from his desk and threw it at a bookcase. Somebody yelped in pain, and Tharja fell to the floor.

"I told you to get out." Robin said.

"Fine." The dark mage replied. "This meeting was going on too long anyway." With that, she left the room.

"Huh." Nowi said. "Never really noticed that."

"Third," Robin said, "you're gonna have to realize that, if you're going to look so young, you might as well dress appropriately, despite your real age. I understand why you might want to act immature, but there should be a consistency between your attitude and your appearance."

Nowi sighed. "Fine!" She exclaimed. "I see your point. I'll figure something out. Am I still fired?"

"Unfortunately." Robin replied. "It's a sucky paperwork thing. Really, it just means no more barracks to have to work in or a steady income. My bet is that, if a new threat does arise, Chrom will probably get the band back together."

Nowi shrugged. "Alright! I can live with that! All it means is that I have more time to play!"

"Well, you got over that quickly…" Robin muttered.

"But you can expect a huge prank at some point!" Nowi beamed.

"You and Lissa…" Robin muttered.

Nowi's eyes brightened up. "Great idea! I'll get Lissa in on it! And we could use bugs and magic and maybe some of that oil stuff and-"

"Is all of that even legal?!" Robin exclaimed. Nowi had already darted out of the room, some horrid plan in her mind.

"...This isn't really going to work out for me, is it?" Robin sighed.

The clothing stuff isn't that creative. I am pretty curious about the slave part, though.

Up next: Gregor!

Chapter 18: Gregor

I'm not sure if I promised daily updates, but I feel like I might have implied it. Anyway, I'll try to update as rapidly as I can. I just kinda get busy with stuff. Priorities, you know.

"Why you looking at Gregor so funny?" The mercenary asked Robin, who seemed to be studying Gregor.

"...I was talking to Panne earlier, and she mentioned something about you and her bunny form…" Robin said cautiously.

"Ah! Gregor get now!" Gregor said, grinning. "Taction want piece of action!"

"W-What?!" Robin exclaimed.

"Gregor can understand why Robin might be interested!" Gregor commented. "Panne is one thing, but how can Robin resist Gregor's charm? Suppose attraction must be where Morgan gets it!"

"NO NO NO." Robin exclaimed. "Just...no. I don't want any of those mental images! Panne said you did it with her while she was in bunny form, right?"

"Ah. Yes. So?" Gregor asked. "You want to see scars? Pretty wild night!"

"No, Gregor. I was just following up on something." Robin replied. "Anyway, I'm going to have to let you go. Sorry, pal."

"Gregor understand." He replied. "Gregor no like sitting around, getting money for nothing."

"Oh. Alright." Robin replied. He and Gregor sat there for a few seconds.

"So, any personal issue you have with Gregor?" He asked. "That seem to be major drive to meetings from what Gregor hear."

"No, not really." Robin replied. "We just...kinda don't need you anymore. Pretty straight forward, actually."

"Oh. Ok then." Gregor replied. "Gregor...Gregor should just leave, then?"

"I guess." Robin said.

"Ok." Gregor nodded at Robin and left the room.

Robin sat there in silence for a few seconds. "Huh. That was...kinda uneventful."

Suddenly, the window behind Robin crashed open. A freshly killed corpse landed on the tactician's desk.

"SWEET NAGA!" Robin exclaimed, pushing himself away from the desk.

"Nay-ha!" Henry jumped through the window. "Robin! Can you help me hide a body? It'll be like a game!"

"Henry!" Robin exclaimed. "Who is this?! Why did you throw them through my window?! How did you get up here?! It's like the fifth story of the castle here!"

"Nay-ha! You ask too many questions!" Henry exclaimed. "I'll find someone else!" He threw the body out the window and jumped out with it.

"...Well, shit." Robin said. "Sometimes, I can't even tell what Chrom was thinking…"

Gregor wasn't that eventful, so I just added Henry cause, why not?

Anyway, up next: Libra

Chapter 19: Libra and Tharja

Another combo chapter!

If you're looking at the chapter list and are thinking to yourself, "Hold on. There aren't any combo chapters!", one of them actually is. Don't jump around my chapters. I kinda have continuity.

"Libra," Robin said. "Do you know why you're here?"

"I could guess." Libra replied. "I've heard from certain sources that you are cutting down on the Shepherd workforce, if not outright getting rid of it."

"Correct." Robin said. He then paused. "Actually, that's another issue we should probably address. Long story short, we gotta let you go. Even though you are a useful member to our group, it's apparently illegal and immoral to have a priest on the government payroll."

"I understand." Libra replied. "I would assume there would be no use for a War Clerc without a war to fight." He added with a smile.

"...Stop being so pretty." Robin mumbled. "Thank Naga you didn't get recruited earlier. Otherwise, you would have added to my linger suspicions of my sexuality."

"...Ah. I see." Libra replied. "This in in regards to Ma-"

"Let's not talk about it any more than we have to." Robin interrupted. "Anyway, So you're good with the lay off?"

"I suppose." Libra replied. "A priest's work is never done."

"Good." Robin said. "Now, let's get to the main issue here." He rose his voice. "Tharja, I know you're in here, so you might as well come out."

There was a pause.

"...Tharja told me she was spending the day with Noire." Libra said. "Although I'm beginning to have my suspicions."

"...Huh." Robin said. "I guess she isn't-"

"Yes, Robin?" Tharja replied from under Robin desk.

Robin immediately pushed himself away from the desk.

"Sweet Naga!" He exclaimed.

"Language…" Libra commented.

"How long were you under there?!" Robin exclaimed. "How did I not-!"

"Shh." Tharja hushed him. "Don't ask too many questions. You might not like the answers. Your feet smell pleasant." She looked over at Libra. "Hello, sweetie."

"Hello, Tharja." Libra said. "I take it your plans with Noire fell through?"

"Whatever makes you feel better, dear." She replied.

"The way you say that makes me concerned about Noire's safety." Robin commented.

"She's a big girl. She can handle herself." Tharja said, a creepy smile. "Besides, I asked a mutual friend to watch her."

"U-Uncle Henry, why am I digging this hole?" Noire asked nervously.

"Nya-ha! Let's play a game!" Henry exclaimed. "It's called, 'Don't ask so many questions, or I will cut you!'"

"O-Oh!" Noire exclaimed, smiling for some reason. "Mother and I used to play this all the time!"

"Then you already know how to play!" Henry said. "Nya-ha!"

"...Anyway, we should probably address this." Robin said. "Why are you so obsessed with me?" He asked Tharja.

"Because we were meant for each other." She replied.

"...We're both married to different people. Your husband is sitting next to you." Robin said.

"I don't think the best person to discuss the fact that she is obsessed with somebody is the person she is obsessed with." Libra commented.

"Correct, dear." Tharja said. "I fell in love with you for that wit. It's just like Robin's…"

Robin folded his hands together. "Hold on. Is that a comparison she makes a lot?" He asked Libra.

"Yes. I've...gotten used to it." He replied.

"So you're attracted to Libra because he reminds you of me." Robin said. "Now, no offence to Libra, but, by the time we met, we were as different as could be. Libra was a man of honor. I...wasn't, necessarily."

"Marriage changes people for the better." Libra said.

"I think my romantic situation is complicated enough without me being unfaithful." Robin commented. "Anyway, my theory is that there is something about Libra that reminds you of me. How did you fall in love?" Robin asked Libra.

"Well," Libra said. "she looked into my heart and saw the darkness inside of me. I feel like I can trust you, Robin, so I don't mind talking about this." He said.

"Darkness inside of you…" Robin eyes suddenly widened. "That's why you were initially attracted to me!"

"What do you think it is, Robin?" Tharja asked.

"When we met, I was the vessel of Grima. So, I had a darkness inside of me. The darky-ist of darkness. And a dragon." Robin said. "Does that sound right?"

"...I suppose, now that I think about it, there was something darkly alluring about you." Tharja said. "So now you know, what does it change?"

"Grima's gone." Robin replied. "I'm a hollow case of darkness. Check your attraction, Thar."

"...I don't like you anymore." Tharja said.

"Really? He was right?" Libra asked.

"Come on, Libra!" Robin exclaimed. "Why doubt me? Master. Tactician!"

"No, it's not that." Tharja said. "I instantly dislike anybody who calls me 'Thar.'" She got out of her chair. "You can expect a curse in the next week or so. Come on, Libra. I have to learn your sleep patterns."

"Um…" Libra said, following his wife. "You are aware we sleep together, right?"

"Still stands." Tharja said. The couple left the office.

"...What happened to just bitching at people? I thought that was what this would involve!" Robin said to himself. "Well, I already go this far…Oh! Right! You're also fired! You can't just curse your superiors!" He shouted after her. "Although, I guess I'm not your boss anymore...Crap."

I know Henry is supposed to be pretty creepy but have a light side to him, but I just love writing him as batshit crazy.

Henry is my new favorite character to write. Robin is very blunt, sarcastic, and fourth-wall-break...y. Henry, however, is just crazy.

Which is good, because up next: Henry!

(I know, canonically, Olivia is up next, but I have a pretty funny idea about what to do with her, and it would involve calling

back to Henry's chapter.)

Chapter 20: Henry

Henry vs Robin is probably one of my highlights in writing this. That said, I don't think I'll ever be pleased with it.

"Nya-ha!" Henry exclaimed. "What's up?"

"What's up?" Robin said. "You threw a corpse through my window! You can't just do that!"

"I suppose you're DEAD right on that one!" Henry exclaimed. "Of CORPSE, I wasn't the one who killed them! I was just making funeral arrangements! Nya-ha!"

"I don't know if it means anything to you, but I hear that laugh in my nightmares." Robin said. "Anyway, I wanted to ask you about your profile, before anything else." He pulled out a piece of paper. "For some reason, under eye color, there's just a messy mark that appears to be a combination of ink and blood."

"Do you want to see my eye?" Henry asked, an almost maliciously cheery smile plastered on his face.

"Umm…" Robin paused. "...Know what? I think I'm good." He replied. "So you said you didn't kill that person?"

"Correct!" Henry exclaimed.

"So you haven't killed anybody- That's a stupid question." Robin interrupted himself.

"Nya-ha!"

"Right. Henry, people who are accustomed to killing…" Robin said gently. "People like you, they tend to get a little...stir-crazy if they don't kill for a while."

"Oh, don't worry about that!" Henry said. "I've been with Nowi, playing with kids!"

"Oh," Robin responded, surprised. "That's...That's actually pretty pleasant...Wait, what games?" He asked quickly.

"Oh, you know, some of the classics!" Henry said. "'Find Your Finger', 'You Can Fly if You Believe,' 'Don't Tell The Cops,' 'Tighten the Gag-'"

"Please stop!" Robin exclaimed. "I feel like, the more you tell me, the more of an accessory I become. How does Nowi let you do all of this?!"

"Oh, those are the days I go alone!" Henry replied.

Robin nodded, and, slowly, pulled his sword out and placed it on his desk.

"Henry, I'm going to fire you." Robin said.

"Do you mean like a barbecue?" Henry asked. "Put some seasoning on me and I would taste fantastic! Human flesh is a bit of an acquired taste! Nya-ha!"

"Henry!" Robin exclaimed. "I'm going to fire you, as in remove you from the Shepherds. Am I going to need this sword to defend myself?"

"Probably!" Henry replied. "I'm not gonna attack you! Honestly, you can only hear noblemen scream for mercy so many times before you begin to grow a little restless." He admitted. "Now I can travel the countryside, claiming lives as I see fit!"

"Ok." Robin said. "Is Nowi OK with that?"

"Sure! Cynthia convinced her that it'd be pretty cool to be a superhero!"

"So, while she's being all superheroy, you're just gonna be Dexter Morgan?"

"At best!" Henry exclaimed. "Nya-ha!"

"Right." Robin relaxed a bit, although his grip never left his blade. "Well, I wish you luck in your quest to torture the hopefully guilty." Robin said. "I look forward to meeting up with you in a few years, when you've become a lumberjack with a stupid beard."

"Nya-ha!" Henry exclaimed, getting up to leave the office.

"Wait." Robin said. "How did you get that reference?"

Henry smiled maliciously at him. He walked over to the tactician and whispered something in his ear.

"...SON OF A BITCH!" Robin exclaimed. "I JUST STARTED THE THIRD SEASON!"

"Nya-ha!" Henry exclaimed, before he leaped out of the newly repaired window, shattering it.

"...The little shit spoiled Breaking Bad for me!" Robin muttered. "And he never answered my question..."

How can Henry know those references? I probably won't explain that.

He, like Robin, is also kinda a dick. A murderous dick, but a dick nonetheless.

Up next: Olivia!

Chapter 21: Olivia

Olivia's gonna be a tad OOC in this chapter. You'll see why in a minute. Also, I don't know if it matters, but sorry about the Dexter spoilers in the last chapter. If it matters.

"Olivia…" Robin muttered, looking up from his piece of paper to the pink-haired dancer in front of him. "Why did we recruit you?"

"U-Umm…" She said nervously. She felt like she was in trouble with a teacher, the way he asked the question.

"No, I mean, seriously, why did we recruit you?" Robin asked. "You're a good dancer and all-"

"I-I'm a horrible dancer!" Olivia exclaimed, louder than she expected to.

"Look, can we not do this song and dance here?" Robin asked. "Heh. 'Song and dance.' Anyway, I know you're a good dancer, and it does somewhat raise morale, having you around, but what can you do for the army aside from that?"

"...I don't know." She replied.

"Exactly!" Robin exclaimed. "Look, you have your talents. That much is obvious. However, I don't think those talents are best suited for the Shepherds. You can use a sword, but not to a Shepherd's expectations. So, I'm afraid I'm letting you go. I look forward to your future endeavors, though." He smiled at her.

"B..But I…"

"What's wrong, Olivia?" Robin asked. "I mean, aside from losing your job."

"I...I like...I like to kill." She replied, looking away from robin and blushing furiously.

Robin looked at her blankly. "...What." He said. "When...When have you ever killed?"

"W-Well…" Olivia said. "I...I don't really directly confront an enemy. Usually when I'm supporting somebody, I might get a few slashed in. But, sometimes, when the opponent is almost dead, the person I'm supporting will go fight somebody else. So, I…I finish the person off. There's something...exciting about watching the life drain from a person and know it's your fault." She said, still avoiding Robin's eyes. She was still blushing and playing with her fingers.

"...The words coming out of your mouth don't match your body…" Robin commented. "So, what you're saying is that you have a taste for blood?"

"I-I thought it would only last while we were at war, but the other day, I…I killed somebody. In cold blood. And...and I liked it." She said.

Robin nodded, and slowly put his sword on his desk.

"Olivia…" Robin said. "Am I going to need this?"

"No!" Olivia exclaimed. "I think I have it all figured out. I just...I just need some time. I think I'll improve my skills so I can kill professionally." She said. "That way, I can live off of dancing and killing."

"...OK then." Robin said. "So, what happened to the person you killed the other day?"

"I gave the body to Henry." The dancer (and apparent murderer) replied. "He seems like he'd know what to do with it."

"...Huh. I guess I owe Henry an apology." Robin said. "...On second thought, I don't. So, do you think you're good, when it comes to the job and whatnot?"

"...Yes, I'll manage." She replied, smiling at Robin.

"Good." Robin said, then he grinned. "Also, I got you to admit you're a good dancer! When you said you would live off of AHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Robin screamed as Olivia drove the desk sword into his shoulder, impaling him to the chair.

"Sorry!" Olivia exclaimed. "I got upset, and that just kinda happened! Sorry! Should I get a healer?" She asked.

"YES AHHHHHHHHHHH!" Robin exclaimed. Olivia ran out of the room. "HOW IS THIS THE FIRST MEETING I GET HURT DURING?! I JUST DID HENRY! AHHHHHHHHNAGAWHYAHHHHHHH-"

Olivia was never really a powerhouse in my play through (although I know she can be), and the army didn't recruit her for combat. My only guess about why she killed people was that she got a pleasure out of it.

I may have made that connection because I wanted her to be somewhat connected to Henry. I might have shipped them differently in my play through, but the supports for Henry/Olivia are adorbs.

Up next: Cherche (And, by extension, Minerva)

Chapter 22: Cherche

Sometimes I just go with my gut on these things. That's when they get the craziest. Or stupidest.

"...What happened to your shoulder?" Cherche asked Robin.

"I don't wanna talk about it." Robin replied, rubbing his bandaged shoulder. "Anyway, more important question is WHY IS THE DRAGON IN MY OFFICE?!"

Minerva roared.

"She's a wyvern." Cherche corrected Robin, as the latter covered his ears.

"WHAT?!" Robin shouted. "HOLD ON!" He uncovered his ears. "Ok, then. Let's get down to business. Where have you been?" Robin asked.

"What do you mean?" Cherche asked.

"Nobody's heard from you for a few weeks." Robin replied. "After my meeting with Gaius, I decided to follow-up on him. He was pretty...messed up."

"He's...doing better." Cherche said, darting her eyes away from Robin.

"See, that's why I think you're full of it." Robin said. "For one thing, your house was coated in sugar. I think Gaius is having a relapse. Also, you never mentioned that I fired him."

"You...fired him." Cherche said, although her mouth didn't appear to move. "Yes...I was aware of that." Minerva growled.

"See, there's the terrifying tranquil fury you're known for!" Robin exclaimed. "You've just shown your hand. If you know about what was happening to Gaius, he would be in this room now. Specifically inside of Minerva. For that matter, how did you get the dragon- uh, wyvern in here?"

"It was difficult." Cherche admitted. "Yes, I haven't been home in a while. I was in Rosanne, doing work for Virion."

"Yeah, you're still full of shit." Robin said. "As much as I loathed to do it, I got in contact with Virion. After about ten minutes of him flaffing on about some fancy bullshit, he said you weren't there. Also, you never mentioned he was fired, too."

"WHAT?!" Cherche exclaimed, before regaining her cool. "I-I mean, of course I know that."

"And Maribelle."

"Ok, you know what?" Cherche said. "You got me. I haven't been around."

"MASTER TACTICIAN!" Robin exclaimed. "Now, what have you been doing?"

"That's a...personal question." Cherche replied. "I might as well tell you. I'm having...an affair."

"...You're cheating on Gaius?" Robin said. "Cherche...I'm...shocked, actually."

"Let me explain what happened." Cherche said. "I went down to Wyvern Valley with Minerva. One thing sort of lead to another and…"

"You never mentioned your lover." Robin said. Before Cherche could respond to him, he said, "Look, I can figure out who it is. Just give me a second...It would have to be someone I know, if you expect me to jump to the conclusion…Gerome was with Cynthia last night at dinner...I got nothing." Robin admitted. "Hell, the only other person I know that would be with you would have been…" His eyes suddenly widened. "...No FUCKING way…" He looked at Minerva.

Cherche sighed as she petted the wyvern's head, who purred. "Correct. We went there to find her a mate. I suppose we found one." She giggled a little.

"I...I...What?!" Robin muttered. "I don't...How...What?!"

"We've just been through so much together." Cherche continued. "I still love Gaius, don't get me wrong. I'm sure we'll come to an agreement about it."

"...I...I guess you're fired." Robin said, still somewhat shell-shocked.

"Do you just not understand our love?" She asked, hugging Minerva.

"No. You missed too many report days. Really, the Shepherds have basically become an office job since the war ended. I...guess you guys can spend more time together…"

"That's one way to see the glass half full, I suppose." Cherche said. "Thank you, Robin. Would you like to go out to dinner with Minerva, Gaius and I?"

"...That sounds like something I should really talk to the wife about." Robin replied.

"I understand." She replied. "Goodbye, Robin!" She said, climbing on top of Minerva. The wyvern roared and charged through Robin's office window, shattering it and the wall.

"...You know what? I'm just gonna keep it like that. I always wanted a balcony."

Gaius and Cherche: A strangely dysfunctional match made in Heaven.

I guess we're pretty much at the halfway point now. I want to take a second to thank everybody for making this story as popular as it is. It's amazing how popular one stupid idea I had could become.

Chessy stuff out-of-the-way now.

Up next: Lucina! Second Generation Time!

Chapter 23: Lucina

Alright, here's the first child! I know I didn't do Say'ri, but she was recruited after Lucina, so I'll just throw her in randomly at some point.

"Lucina, do you know why I called you down here?" Robin asked Lucina.

"I'm not sure." She replied.

"Look, Lucina," Robin said. "I'm gonna be frank: I find you attractive. I found you attractive since we first met. And by first met, I mean when you were still going by Marth. That means that, for a good three months or so, I was worried I was gay. Not that there's anything wrong with that! It's just something I know I'm not. Yet, as far as I knew, I was attracted to the Hero-King, Marth! When I was reading history books, I would read about him and go 'Huh. I guess I would do him.' There's still a bit of a awkwardness when I think about it. So I was pretty relieved when you were revealed to be a girl."

"I understand that Robin," Lucina began to say, but was interrupted by Robin again.

"Then I don't see you for a while, and when you come back, it turns out you're the daughter of one of my best friends! That's even weirder! Every time I looked at you, I could see the little baby back at the castle! Needless to say, I had some pretty weird boners."

"...Are you done?" Lucina asked.

"Yes." Robin replied.

"That's...interesting, Robin," Lucina said. "But I already knew that. It's OK for you to be attracted to me. We're married. We've...We've already been through most of this. We have a child together."

"Hi, Father!" A blue-haired Morgan exclaimed, waving at her father from the door. "I want to be a great tactician, just like you!"

"That's great, dear." Robin said to his daughter. "Now go...go talk to your aunt. Or your grandparents!"

"I don't think Chrom is comfortable around me…" Morgan said.

"Well, you just gotta keep trying!" Robin replied. "I heard grandmother is making a pie, and grandfather is there to try it! Go get some! And close the door on your way out!"

"Yes, Father!" Morgan exclaimed, running out of the office.

"...Mother and Father are going to kill you when they find out you gave her permission to call them that." Lucina said.

"They're her grandparents." Robin replied, getting out of his chair to rub her shoulders. "Time-travel put all of us in uncomfortable positions. I've had sex with my best friend's daughter, who's still a baby in this timeline!"

"Stop talking about me in the third dimension." Lucina said.

"I just kinda find all of it funny." Robin replied. He smiled. "Not that I'm complaining." He kissed the back of her head.

Lucina smiled at him. "...I'm not having sex with you in your office."

"Come on!" Robin exclaimed. "Why not?"

"There's a blood stain on your chair and a puddle of urine in the corner there." Lucina replied. "Judging by your stories, there was a corpse on this desk, and, for all we know, someone could be watching."

"I dealt with that!" Robin exclaimed.

"My parents live here." She said. "And there's a giant, gaping hole in your wall."

"I've given up on fixing that." Robin said. "I just figured that, if I was going to tell you that you were fired, you might as well get a nice severance package."

"...Did I seriously travel through time and marry a man who refers to his...privates as a severance package?"

"From what I can tell, you traveled through time to kill Grima, and you ended up marrying him. So good job on that." Robin commented. He felt Lucina tense up, and realized he should backtrack. "Sorry. Sensitive subject. For both of us. I deal with big emotional stuff with bad jokes. "

Lucina sighed. "It's ok. I already know that. Remember when I was going to kill you. If I didn't stab you for killing my father in the future, I would have stabbed you for those jokes."

"Fair enough." Robin replied. "I was kinda asking for it. Like I said, though, you are fired."

"I assumed I was going to be." Lucina replied. "When you told me you were firing everybody, I assumed I was included. Why are you doing it all one-on-one?"

"Tying up loose ends." Robin replied. "It's been...it's been going."

"You got stabbed." Lucina replied. "Should I be here to help you?"

"Nah, I should be good." Robin replied. "It's mainly you guys I gotta deal with. The kids are alright. Unemployed, but alright."

"Well, good luck with that." Lucina said, kissing her husband. "I have to speak with Father. I'll see you at home." She got out of her chair and left the office.

"...I suppose all my meeting can't go like that." Robin said to himself. "Then again, Lucina would probably castrate me if they did…"

So now you know who the wife is! Lucina! I mainly romanced her because I loved the idea of Robin and Chrom having awkward conversations about how he's sleeping with his daughter. Also, MORGAN CAMEO!

I was pretty kind to Robin this chapter. You get a bit of a glimpse into his character, which, if you haven't really picked up on it yet, is pretty different form the character illustrated in the game.

Up next: Owain!

Chapter 24: Owain

These are just getting longer with each update! Hopefully the quality isn't dropping!

Also, I totally didn't realize that last update came on Valentines day. So, you know, there's a theme.

"I got some bad news, Owain." Robin said.

"I've got even worse news!" Owain exclaimed. "My sword hand has been going nuts recently! I assume it must thrust for the blood of the evildoers of the world! Worry not, hand! They will soon feel the might of Owain Dark!"

"...I'm letting you go." Robin said plainly.

"W-What?!" Owain exclaimed, dropping his dramatic prose. "Why's that?!"

"Look, here's the thing about you time traveling tikes." Robin said. "You guys come from a pretty crappy timeline, so I understand why some of you might be the way you are. There seems to be two separate divides on how you dealt with it, though. On one side, you have people like Gerome and Lucy. They're pretty serious about this whole thing, to the point where they seem to have sticks shoved so far up their asses that they are extremely difficult to deal with." Robin paused for a second. "That mainly applies to Gerome. I like Lucy. I married her, so that should prove that. I still like Gerome, if only for the fact that he's basically Batman with wyverns. Wyvman."

"I don't know who you're talking about." Owain said.

"Trust me, if you did, you would be obsessed with it." Robin replied. "Anyway, on the other side of the coin, you have people like you, Cynthia, and Inigo, who are so perky and happy that you must be seriously suppressing some emotions."

"I'm not suppressing emotions!" Owain banged on the table with his hand. "I just have the blood of heroes flowing through my veins!"

"You don't have to slam stuff to make a point!" Robin exclaimed.

"Sorry about that." Owain said sheepishly. "Sword hand wanted to get in on the action."

"...That began happening after your parents died, right?" Robin asked.

"Yes." Owain replied, in a dramatic tone. "That was the day my hero's blood revealed itself!"

"You've proved my point." Robin said. "You're crazy and a bit annoying for long periods of time, so please leave my office."

"I understand." Owain said. "I will travel the land, in search of evils to slay!' He said, but, as he got up, he drew his sword. "What? Sword hand?" He looked at the hand. "No...No, Robin's not evil!" He exclaimed. "We can't kill Robin! He's our friend!" He swung at Robin, who barely dodged the strike.

"What in Naga's name are you doing, Owain?!" Robin exclaimed, pulling out his own sword.

"Sword hand!" Owain exclaimed as he parried with Robin. "Stop this at once!...Are you jealous of Noire? Is that it? What happened between you and me was a mistake! I used you like that, and I'm sorry. But you can't take it out on Robin!"

"...Are you talking about jerking it?" Robin asked, parrying another blow.

"I'll stop you myself if I have to!" Owain exclaimed, drawing his second sword. He began to parry with himself. Robin just stared at him, dumbstruck about what was going on in front of him.

"Now I have you!" Owain said, pinning his sword hand down to the table. "I think it's time we've parted ways. Forgive me, old friend." He drew back his sword, and Robin realized he was about to cut his hand off.

"WAIT!" Robin exclaimed. Owain waited. "Look...uh...I think your sword hand is...uh…" His eyes lit up. "Possessed! Yes! It's possessed! instead of cutting it off, we should cure it! That way, you can keep your hand and...be rid of the evil spirit!"

"...That makes no sense whatsoever." Owain said. "...We would need a priest to do that, not you!"

"Priest? I can get us one of those!" Robin replied.

"Uh...I guess you're cleansed now…" Libra said, pouring a bottle of water on Owain's hand.

"OHHHHHH!" Owain exclaimed. "I can feel the evil spirits leave my body as they set me free!"

"...This is degrading." Libra said to Robin.

"You owe me." Robin replied.

"I owe you for making my wife my stalker?" He asked

"At least you're her number one priority now." Robin replied. "You good now, Owain?"

"Yes! Owain Dark returns!" He exclaimed. "But now I have a new mission in life! I must hunt down the spirit that possessed my sword hand and slay him in combat!"

"...Yes. That is a thing you must do." Robin replied.

"Off I go, then!" Owain exclaimed. "I must collect my wife and we shall travel the lands!" He ran out of the office.

"...What is he going to do with my daughter?!" Libra exclaimed.

"Relax." Robin said. "I'm sure Noire can talk him out of it. If not, the journey might be good for her."

"You just sent my son-in-law on a wild goose chase."

"You're welcome."

"How do you think Lissa is going to take this?"

"I stopped her son from cutting off his own hand. I think she'll get over it."

If the only thing to come out of this story is the Owain/Sword hand ship, I will be a happy man.

I'm starting to discover that my default is to make the big-personality characters crazy in some form or another. If they aren't already crazy. Henry.

Up next: Say'ri! One of the only first generation characters (aside from Tiki and the supportable spotpass characters) that I have left to do!

Chapter 25: Say'ri

Like I said, I might sometimes take a day or two break from writing. I might be updating alot over the break. I might not. We'll see what happens.

"..."

"Is there something wrong, Robin?" Say'ri asked the tactician.

"...Who are you?" Robin asked.

"What? I am Say'ri." The woman replied.

"Am I supposed to...know that name?" Robin asked.

"Do you not remember? We fought against Walhart together. I am the princess of the Chon'sin."

"Chosen? Isn't that from Tales?" Robin asked. "I mean, that's not necessarily Nintendo, but it was on a system made by them, so close enough. Man, a crossover would be pretty badass…" He muttered to himself.

"...I have no idea what you are talking about." Say'ri said.

"Well, I have no idea who you are, so I guess we're even." Robin replied.

"I am Yen'fay's sister." She said.

"...Oh! Yen'fey!" Robin exclaimed. "He's that dude we fought in the volcano! That was a badass battle! He's in the army now, right?"

"A version of him." She replied

"Right, right. We tend to do that a bit." Robin said. "So, anyway, Sayree-"

"Say'ri." She corrected.

"That's what I said, isn't it?" Robin asked.

"No, you said Sayree. My name is spelled S-A-Y-apostrophe- R-I."

"Oh, like Lon'qu?" Robin asked.

"Yes." She replied. "He is Chon'sin."

"If you were Colette, that would make him Zelos." Robin commented. "Pretty opposite characters."

"I still don't know what you're talking about." Say'ri replied.

"Don't worry about it." Robin said. "Now, you said you were a princess, right? Why are you not there, being, well, a princess?"

"I would, but I am under onus to you, Tactician Robin." She replied.

"Onus…?" Robin said to himself. He suddenly glared at the wall to the left of Say'ri. "Really?! Do you really think anybody is going to get that reference?! Common, man, make it easy!" He looked back at Say'ri. "Sorry about that."

"What just happened?" She asked.

"The author is a comedy nerd, that's what happened." Robin muttered. "Anyway, go do your responsibilities. You're out of onus, or whatever."

"...Very well then." Say'ri said, standing up and leaving the office.

"...Man, I never knew Lon'qu had a sister." Robin said to himself.

Say'ri walked down the hall outside of Robin's office. She was surprised how upset she was about being forgotten

about.

"It sucks to be forgotten, doesn't it?"

Say'ri looked over at one of the guards of the castle. At least, she assumed he was a guard. It was a safe assumption to make, considering he was wearing armor.

"...I suppose it does, as you say, 'suck.'" She said to the guard. Her eyes widened slightly in recognition. "I believe I know you. Kellam, correct? You were one of the Shepherds?"

"Y-You remember me?" Kellam asked. "I thought people would forget about me after the war…"

Say'ri smiled at him. "How could someone forget you? You are an skilled ally on the battlefield. I fought with you multiple times, due to my smaller frame. You have saved me many times, and you have my thanks."

"Huh." Kellam said. "I never...noticed you." He blushed slightly. "Do you want to...do something? Catch up on old times."

She nodded. "That would be nice." SHe tilted her head. "Are you not on guard duty, though?"

"Oh, I don't work here." Kellam replied. "I just like to eavesdrop on some of Robin's meetings. They can get pretty insane."

"Interesting." Say'ri said. "Tell me more about it."

"I think I will."

I just made this a pairing that would, as far as I know, only work in the context of this story. The two forgotten characters. One by canon and one in gameplay. Seriously, in my opinion, Say'ri is one of the more overlooked units, probably because she doesn't have her own unique child, which is a missed opportunity.

On an "unrelated" note, I'm probably going to do a conclusion chapter or two after I write a chapter for each unit. You can probably guess what I'm planing, or why this chapter gave me the idea for it.

Up next: Laurent!

Chapter 26: Laurent

In my defense, how are you suppose to know that you have to search the town? It disappears!

Robin was walking down the halls of the castle, on his way to the throne room, when he ran into a familiar couple.

"Hey, Stahl. Miriel." Robin said, with a nervous smile. "How are you two?"

"Pretty good." Stahl replied with a smile. "We were checking in with Chrom. He wanted to make sure we would help him if a situation were to arise."

"Wow, Stahl." Robin said sarcastically. "I almost listened to that entire sentence."

Stahl frowned. Miriel, however, studied the tactician. "You're aggressive. On the defensive. We haven't done anything to our knowledge that would threaten you. You must know something. Something that you would not want us to know."

"See, Miriel, this is the kind of stuff I told you about." Robin said.

"What about our son, Robin?" Stahl asked.

"W-What do you mean?!" Robin exclaimed.

"We have a son. We know this." Miriel said. "Lucina said we have one."

"Dammit, Lucy." Robin muttered to himself. "OK. Yes. As far as I know, you have a son. I also never said we found all the future children. I never got a straight answer about how many people traveled back in time with Lucina. I suspect there were a few more, considering all the people whose children we didn't find. I suppose time travel can mess with your head."

"But she remembers our son." Stahl said.

"Yeah, but we were at war." Robin replied. "There's no reason for us to deliberately search for your child." He paused for a second. "Actually, since you have so much free time, considering the fact that you don't have a job, you could go out and find him."

"I do not think it is likely for us to find him." Miriel said.

"Well, then just set up an area where you would be easy to find." Robin responded. "This isn't really my problem anymore. We never saw your child die, so, for all we know, he could still be out there." Robin walked away from the couple, shouting, "Good luck with you missing child!" He walked into the throne room.

"...Well, that went well." Stahl commented.

"We still do not know where our son is." Miriel said.

"Well, yeah." Stahl said. "But, I don't think that's our problem as long as we start our own family. If he shows up, he shows up and we welcome him."

"I could point out a few flaws in your logic." Miriel said. "For one thing-"

"SON OF A BITCH, CHROM!" Robin's voice shouted through the hall, out of the throne room. "YOU DON'T JUST TELL SOMEONE THAT!" There was silence, likely Chrom responding. "AND YOU SAW HER DIE?! YOU SHOULD TELL THEM, NOT ME!" A softer voice. "OH, NOW YOU CARE HOW SHE FEELS! I MEAN, REALLY, MAN?! REALLY?!" A female voice spoke up, and Robin's voice quieted down.

Stahl and Miriel looked at each other in silence. The doors swung open, and Lucina walked out, followed by Robin, who was rubbing his cheek.

"Wouldn't it be easier if you did it?" Robin asked his wife. "You actually knew her! They might want to know stuff about their child."

"You are in far more of a position to tell them about their children." Lucina replied. "You're an official, you have more of a standing."

"You're a princess." Robin responded.

"If it makes you feel better, I can tell you as much as I can about her." Lucina said. "I agree with you, though. Father probably should have told us that earlier."

Robin nodded, then looked over at Stahl and Miriel.

"Don't worry about it. Not your kid." He said. "Although I'd assume you would take it better…" He mumbled as he walked away.

"...Miriel?"

"Yes, Stahl?"

"Did I ever tell you how happy I am that I didn't marry into royalty?"

"I would assume you implied that when you married me."

"Yeah. Sure. It bares repeating."

So, the setting's a bit different.

I didn't know how to get Laurent. Stahl and Miriel were married before Lucina joined the team, so I didn't know which of the newly appeared missions was his.

If you never find Laurent, that doesn't mean he's dead, per-say. One of the children actually did die in-game. Can you guess who?

In other news, I'm on the Fire Emblem TV Troupes FanFic Recs Page! This is awesome! Thank all of you for giving this story far more attention then it deserves!

Up next: Brady!

Chapter 27: Brady

I kinda gave up writing Brady. I never really got a grasp on his speaking patterns.

"So, wait, are you a priest?" Robin asked Brady.

"Ya." Brady replied defensively. "Why do ya think class? Cause it sounds pretty?"

"No, I mean, are you a priest like Libra?" Robin clarified. "Like, you can do weddings and exorcisms and whatnot."

"What? No!" Brady exclaimed. "I just do healings! Like my ma! Who I heard about! What the hell, punk?!"

"Well, I guess you and your 'ma' are going to have another thing in common." Robin said. "You're fired."

"What?!" Brady exclaimed. "I didn't travel through time just to get laid off!"

"Well, apparently you did." Robin replied. "If you had only pulled your weight, you might have been able to keep your job. But, alas, you are just pretty useless in combat."

"...From what I've heard, you've said that to a bunch of people." Brady said.

"Well, yeah." Robin replied. "A lot of people become obsolete once new people join the army."

"You...you do know you can just re class us, right?" Brady asked.

"Yeah, I know that!" Robin exclaimed. "That's what the master seal is for, right?"

"No, that's in order to level up more." Brady said. "Do you remember the second seals?"

"...Those are the blue ones, right?" Robin asked. "I have a bunch of those saved up!" He pulled out a small chest, loaded with second seals.

"W-Why do you have so many of those?!" Brady exclaimed.

"I dunno." Robin admitted. "I got a bunch of them in battles, but I never really used them. I just thought they were pretty."

"Ya thought they were-?!" Brady exclaimed. "We need those to change our classes!"

"Well, you should have just asked." Robin said, handing Brady one of the seals. "There you go. Be whatever you want."

"Ya have to choose our classes!" Brady exclaimed. "We can't use these by ourselves!"

"Sheesh, !" Robin responded. "You're about two wars too late to explain that one to me!"

"You should know this!" Brady shouted. "You're the one in charge of keeping us alive!"

"Well, forgive me for having amnesia!" Robin exclaimed. "Know what? Let's reclass you!"

"Really?" Brady asked.

"Yes." Robin replied. "I need you to become...a manakete! We need more dragons!"

"That's physically impossible." Brady exclaimed.

"Come on!" Robin exclaimed. "Do we really have to follow the rules of the game? This is a fan fic! Couldn't we just have Nah bit you and turn you into one?"

"That ain't how it works!" Brady exclaimed. "Sides, Nah wouldn't bite me!"

"For Naga's sake, Brady, I don't need to know about your sex life!" Robin exclaimed. "Know what? Fine. I have to reclass you, and it has to be reasonable, right?"

"Yeah!" Brady exclaimed.

"Fine. Dancer." Robin said.

"...What?!" Brady exclaimed.

"You are a dancer now." Robin said.

"Why?!" He asked.

"Why not?" Robin said. "Surely you can dance, can you not?"

"Not like Inigo or his ma!" Brady exclaimed. "I'm out of here! You just some punk who ain't got no respect for me and my folks!"

"Wait, Brady!" Robin exclaimed as Brady began to walk away.

He looked over at the tactician.

"If it means that much to you, we can splurge on the DLC and reclass you as a Bride."

Robin barely dodged the second seal Brady threw at him before storming out of the office.

So Robin is both a dick and really bad at his own game! From what I remember, they never really explain how Robin is such a good tactician. I guess maybe he learned about it in a earlier life?

No one really explained to me about the second seals in my first playthrough (the basis playthrough for this story.) So, naturally, Robin has no idea about them either.

Up next: Cynthia!

Chapter 28: Cynthia

While I was writing this, I had the song "Cynthia's Work Out" kinda stuck in my head. You can blame ichallengemyfate on tumblr for that. Fantastic writer, by the way.

Anyway, this chapter is kinda long, which is funny, considering how long Sumia's chapter was. On the plus side, you get a good number of Robin rants.

Robin sat in his office, sipping a cup of tea.

"Wait for it…" He muttered to himself.

The door to his office suddenly burst open in an explosion of flower petals. A pegasus swept into the room, with Cynthia, Robin's sister-in-law, standing on top of it.

"HELLO, WISE TACTITIO-AH!" She shouted, before falling off of the pegasus.

"...Quite an entrance." Robin commented. "I assume all of these petals came from the royal garden?"

"...Maybe…" She muttered, picking herself up.

"I think you may be abusing your powers as a princess." Robin said.

"I gotta do what I gotta do to be a hero!" Cynthia exclaimed.

"Yeah, but you aren't about to fight me." Robin responded. "At least, I hope not."

"So what's this about, anyway?" Cynthia asked.

"I'm afraid I'm going to have to fire you." Robin said.

"What?!" Cynthia exclaimed.

"Let me explain." Robin said. "You are insanely reckless in combat. I've had to take into consideration the fact that you will inevitably try to pull of a grand gesture in the beginning or middle of the battle, which is unacceptable. Do you have any idea how close we came to dying that time you showered Chrom with petals? Our archers were useless, some people couldn't see a foot in front of them, and some of our mounts couldn't go into the air! Thank Naga for the Minervas! Also, for some reason, the petels were flammable, so we had to deal with that!"

"I don't remember any of those things!" Cynthia exclaimed.

"That's because you managed to knock yourself out at the beginning!" Robin exclaimed. "It was hellish!"

"Well...Wait." Cynthia thought for a second. "Do I even work for you?"

"Well, yeah!" Robin said. "I'm in charge of the Shepherds! I know who works for me!"

"But I'm a princess!" Cynthia exclaimed. "I looked into it, and none of us kids from the future are actually on the payroll!"

"...Look, you guys just came out of nowhere, so we didn't have any time to enlist you." Robin said. "The Shepherds are basically an élite neighborhood watch. Most of it is volunteer work. However, for some reason, people began to think that people got paid to do it, since it was run by the prince. Chrom decided to start paying people to keep up the illusion, which was pretty stupid of him. You kids were so focused on your mission that you didn't notice that you weren't getting paid. We don't have that money in the budget. That's one of the main reasons I'm firing everyone. That way, none of you will realize that you were never employed."

"...Why are you telling me all of this?" Cynthia asked.

"Because you already know." Robin said.

"No, I just kinda looked at the payroll!" Cynthia exclaimed. "I didn't realize that this was all an elaborate scam!"

"You seem to fall for those a lot." Robin commented.

"I'm never gonna live that down, am I?" Cynthia asked.

"Nope. It was pretty stupid of you." Robin said. "It wasn't even that elaborate."

"I never met Daddy in the future!" Cynthia said in her defense.

"I would assume that you would have checked for a mark or something." Robin said. "At the very least, you would have realized where you got your blue hair."

"Look, you just told me that you were basically pulling one over on all of us kids!" Cynthia exclaimed. "Why did you tell me all of that?"

"I kinda thought you already knew." Robin admitted. "Since you didn't, I'm afraid I'm going to have to do something drastic." Robin sighed. "Name your price."

"Hmm…"Cynthia said, appearing to think. Suddenly, she pointed at Robin. "YOU!"

"...I'm flattered, but you do realize that Lucina would kill both of us." Robin said. "Well, she would kill you, castrate me, and Gerome would feed whatever was left of me to Minerva."

"He wouldn't do anything to me?" Cynthia asked.

"I suspect he would just eat a few tubs of ice cream with Minerva." Robin said.

"Anyway, I didn't mean it like that!" Cynthia exclaimed. "I meant that I want you to join the Justice Cabal!"

"What, you mean you, Owain and Morgan's little club?" Robin said. "Why?"

"Because Morgan is always going on about how awesome you are!" Cynthia exclaimed. "She's always talking about how she wants to be a great tactician just like you!"

"Yeah, she says that a lot, doesn't she?" Robin commented. "Don't you know about Owain's little 'journey?'"

"Yeah!" Cynthia exclaimed. "Originally we were going to go with him-"

"That's unlikely." Robin said. "For one thing, there is no way I would let Morgan go on that wild goose chase. I doubt Yarne would be willing to go along with it, either. And how in Naga's name do you expect to get Gerome to go with you?"

"Oh, don't worry about Gerome." Cynthia said, leaning on the table and twirling a pigtail. "I can be pretty...persuasive, if you know what I mean." She wiggled her eyebrows.

"...You're trying to be sexual, but you're just coming off as adorable." Robin said. "Although, given the fact that I am a good friend of your father, as well as married to your older sister, it's possible that I might just always see you as a younger sister." Robin paused. "Also, let's just say that you definitely defend your position as the loudest Shepherd some nights."

Cynthia's face turned beet red. "I-I-I guess I might overdo it a little…"

"Believe me, at least he's better off than his mom." Robin said. "Anyway, do you want me as a permanent member or is this just a temporary deal?"

"Probably just one outing." Cynthia said. "It's mainly for Morgan, so try to at least pretend you're into it."

Robin smiled a bit. "Fine. For her." He frowned. "Now, if anyone asks about this meeting-"

"I beat you up for being an ungrateful brother-in-law!" Cynthia exclaimed. "Thanks, Robin! See you later!" She exclaimed, skipping through the pile of petals.

"Wait!" Robin exclaimed. "You forgot your pegasus!"

"COME ON, PEGGY!"

The pegasus looked at Robin, took a shit on the floor, and followed after his rider.

"...Maybe I should invest in some renovations…" Robin muttered to himself.

Yup. You are probably gonna see that later, in the epilogue part. How could I not?

Up next: Inigo!

Chapter 29: Inigo

"Inigo," Robin said to the man sitting across from him. "I have a bone to pick with you, so let's get the official stuff out-of-the-way first. You're fired."

"How could you fire me?!" Inigo exclaimed. "Think of how much the morale will drop if I were to go! Specifically among the ladies!"

"The way you act around women is a PR nightmare just waiting to happen." Robin explained. "I figure it would be better to relieve responsibility of you before you get yourself in too much trouble."

"Am...am I allowed to at least hang out with the others?" Inigo asked.

"...I don't see why not." Robin said. "They're your friends, so I'd assume you spent time with one another anyway."

"Right." Inigo said.

Robin looked at him. "Actually, that thinly disguised expression of loneliness is one of the things I wanted to talk to you about." Robin said. "I'm going to help you pick up women!"

"Really?" Inigo asked, although it was more of a disbelieving tone then a grateful one. "You? What would you know about picking up ladies? I mean, good job with Lucina. She's a catch, but I don't think your methods would work so well the way I intend to use them…"

"Ah, but you didn't know me after the Plegian War!" Robin exclaimed. "I was a bit of a ladies man, back in my day...Which was a few years ago. The way I worded that made me sound pretty old. The thing is, you have so much potential, young padawan. You just have to learn how to use it. And then the pussy will flow!"

"...Ok. Fine." Inigo said. "What's your advice?"

"First, you have a pretty tragic past. Your mother died before she could finish teaching you a dance move. Naga, that sounds like a Disney movie." Robin said. "Also, you dedicated yourself and your personal comfort to making the army happy, which shows that you are caring. Use that."

"I...I don't know how comfortable I would be using my mother's death to pick up chicks" Inigo said.

"Come on!" Robin exclaimed. "I never knew my mother, but you don't hear me bitching about it! When you have an opportunity like that, you should use it! Do you know how many times I used the amnesia pick-up line? 'Hey, girl. I lost my memories. Want help me make some new ones?'"

"...Did that ever work?" Inigo asked.

"As far as I'll let you know, no." Robin said. "I don't know what you might tell Lucina, so I should probably be vague with the success."

"If you're not gonna tell me how successful you were, why should I take your advice?" Inigo asked.

"Because I assume you can jump to your own conclusions!" Robin exclaimed. "Speaking of jumping, dancing. If you show off those dance moves to dancers, and you tell them that you're straight, you will be swimming in it! Believe me!"

"I actually thought of that one." Inigo said. "Here's the problem with that: How do you know that modern dancers are attractive?"

"Well, I assume they're as hot as Olivi-" Robin stopped himself. "Oh."

"Yup. I kinda shocked when I made that connection." Inigo sighed.

"They aren't all your mother, though." Robin said.

"Yeah, but that doesn't stop my mind from making that connection between them." Inigo said.

"You're complaining about mind assumptions?" Robin asked. "My wife is the child of my best friend and exists as a baby in this timeline! I still make passionate love to my wife, regardless of those associations!"

"...Eww." Inigo said. "That might say more about you than it does me."

"...Aren't you married?" Robin realized.

"Yeah. Why?" Inigo asked.

"Why are you taking my advice then?!" Robin exclaimed. "I think both of our wives will kill us if they found out!"

"Well, I was just curious about what advice the 'master tactician' would give me in regard to picking up women!" Inigo exclaimed, defending himself. "Apparently, he has no idea what he's doing!"

"I knew what I was doing!" Robin exclaimed. "All of those other women just didn't know how great of a catch I was!"

"...I don't work for you, right?" Inigo asked. "I think I'm gonna go."

"Ok." Robin said, as the man left his office. "If you ever find yourself single again, remember my advice!" Robin shouted after the man. "DANCER! NO PARENTS!"

I kinda want to try to write a different courting from the game for Robin and Lucina. I kinda doubt this Robin has it in him to be that romantic and tactful.

If you didn't figure it out before, Inigo is married to the surviving child of the two that could be dead. The way she is mentioned could refer to either of the two.

In other news, we have a contest winner! Tifer correctly guessed that the reference was from The Thrilling Adventure Hour! In case you were wondering, it's a comedy podcast featuring different radio shows. One of the show is Sparks Nevada: Marshal on Mars, which is a western. His sidekick is Croach the Tracker, who often finds himself under onus to people. Nathan Fillion, from Firefly, often appears on the show as Cactoid Jim.

They've already told me about their Avatar, and I already have a bit of an idea of how the chapter will go.

Anyway, thank you to everybody who guessed.

Up next: Gerome!

Chapter 30: Gerome

Sorry for the delay. I'm in a show, and we're going to be entering tech week in a few weeks, so the updates might slow down a bit. Just a heads up.

"So, Gerome." Robin said to the masked man. "I see you aren't as...connected to Minerva as your mother is."

"No." Gerome replied.

"I mean, when I called her in here, she brought the dragon in with her." Robin continued.

"I see." Gerome said curtly.

"The hole's still there, if you wanted to bring her into the office." Robin said, pointing to the giant hole in the wall of his office.

"You put drapes over it." Gerome commented.

"Yeah." Robin said. "Apparently, a giant, gaping hole can really mess up your feng shui."

"Did you call me here for a reason?" Gerome asked.

"I think I'm going to have to let you go." Robin said. "But, the thing is, I don't want you to disappear on us."

"What do you mean?" Gerome asked.

"Well, you kinda have a stick up your ass about the whole 'don't mess with the past' thing." Robin explained. "You guys did a really stand up job with that one, by the way. What were you really expecting? The only way you could not mess with the future would be to watch all of your loved ones die at the hands of a giant dragon god me thing. As you watched all of this, would you just smile to yourself and say 'job well done?'"

"At least I didn't marry the being that we were sent to kill." Gerome commented.

Robin clenched his fist, but continued to smirk at the wyvern rider.

"Why are you still wearing that mask, anyway?" Robin asked. "Is it some kind of fetish of Cynthia's? It seems like it. I remember before you guys started dating. You seemed to be either so oblivious or so in the friend zone. Either way, it was hilarious! You know, you should really take up after her. You should go into battle, shouting inane things about justice. Actually, you don't seem like the kind of guy to shout about justice. Maybe you could just shout about how awesome you are. Warn your enemies that you will strike them as suddenly as the night drapes across the land!...Or, you know, just paraphrase that."

"You want me to tell them that I am the night?" Gerome asked.

"Ha!" Robin laughed out loud. "Got you to say it! Which is good, because I was about one comment away from tearing that mask off of your face and shoving it so far up your ass you'd have to call it that Bat Cave."

Gerome's eyes widened in surprise at the tactician. "I don't see how that could upset you. You and Lucina joke about Grima all the time."

"It's still kinda a sensitive subject." Robin responded. "It's one of those things only we can talk about. Although I will give you points for at least trying to make a joke. Took a lot of guts to step out of your comfort zone. Just, you know, watch it."

"Understood." Gerome said. "I shouldn't make the comment about Morgan and Yarne, should I?"

"You should not." Robin replied. He pause for a second. "And I think I might stop it with the Batman analogy. If you're Batman, I wish I could say that would make Inigo Robin, but I'm already Robin…He would pull off the shorts better…" He mumbled to himself.

"You lost me." Gerome commented.

"Right." Robin said. "As I was saying, you're fired, because I think you're too much of a lone wolf to help the Shepherds."

"...No offence, Robin, but that sounds…" Gerome struggled for the word.

"Like bullshit?" Robin finished for him. "Yeah, it kinda is. Although I don't really think it would matter to you, since you seem like the kinda guy who would already be planning on quitting the team."

Gerome gasped again. "H-How did you-?"

"Master. Tactician." Robin said, tapping his head, before continuing. "Anyway, I get that and give you my blessing. Now, since I'm a tad curious about one of the more dysfunctional couples of our group, how are your folks?"

"...They are not my real parents." Gerome said.

"DARKNESS!" Robin shouted. "NO PARENTS!" He looked at Gerome. "...Sorry. Had to. It's a great movie. You were saying?"

"...They appear to be in counseling." Gerome said. "I don't want to know the full details about what put a strain on their marriage, but I know it has something to do with candy and Minerva. Although it might be something darker than that, since mot-Cherche asked me if she could borrow the future Minerva. Nothing was wrong with the present version, but she said she wanted to experiment with something."

"...Ew." Robin said. "I was gonna harp on you for not calling her mother, but that mental image...Naga, save me!"

"Should I take my leave?" Gerome asked, standing up. "I have business to attend to."

"Sure. I've had my fun." Robin replied. "Now go. Gotham need you."

Gerome looked like he was about to respond, then sighed. "...Nevermind." he said,, leaving the office.

"...I feel like I got what I needed." Robin said. "He seems less likely to sick the wyvern on me, so that's a plus."

I made as many Batman jokes as I could think of. Hope it was good.

Internet, how has nobody drawn a picture of Gerome and Inigo as Batman and Robin? It's almost as disappointing as the lack of a picture of Smaug and Bilbo as Sherlock and Watson.

Up next: Morgan! And a bit of a change of scenery to match.

Chapter 31: Morgan

So I'm back, which is good. But I'm only here to tell you I'm going on more of a break, which is bad.

I'm in a show, and tech week starts friday, so I'll basically be living at school. I figured I'll have to put off writing to keep up with my school work.

That said, there is a chance I could delay this till the end of March, when I go on service, which means I don't really have any school work.

In order to make up for this, I give you a glimpse into Robin's home life. The joke with Morgan isn't really addressed, but I hope it's apparent.

Most people would find it weird, living with their in-laws. However, there were several differences with Robin's situation and the general situation of those who find themselves in that position.

For one thing, at worst, it would mean Robin would be roommates with one of his best friends. He didn't have any memories of growing up, so Robin liked to think this would be what college would have been like. That is, if it were not for the fact that both of them were married, thus making the possibility of them partying like bros unlikely.

To be honest, Chrom was kinda a stick in the mud about those general thing. Robin could probably party with Vaike, but he detested Vaike, so that was a no go.

Anyway, the other problem was the fact that Robin was married to Chrom's daughter. Apparently, there were no situations that could not be made more awkward through time travel.

Then Morgan came along and Robin decided that the normal family structure could basically go fuck itself.

Anyway, in short, since they were royalty, Robin and his family lived in a generous area of the castle. At first, Robin though it somewhat isolated them from the rest of society, but then he remembered that he didn't really like that many other people.

In any case, Robin was relaxing in his office, doing what he always did when he was alone: plan out his zombie plan.

"The Barracks would probably be the best place to hold down. We could scavenge the city for food and, as soon as we can, head out to the countryside. Maybe we could chill with Donny. I should probably recruit most of the future kids into my group, since the have the most experience dealing with zombies." Robin said to himself. "...Right. Risen. Zombies are real. This is an real thing I'm doing. I don't like that."

Robin's thoughts were interrupted by loud footsteps, which were moving quickly down the stairs next to his study. He saw a blur of short blue hair run past his open office door.

"Wait." Robin said out loud. The footsteps stopped and slowly began to back up. Morgan poked her head into her father's office. She smiled at her father.

"Hello, Father!" She exclaimed. "I want to be a great tactician, just like you!"

"That's nice, dear." Robin said. "What do you think of zombies?"

"Work to secure the castle." Morgan said, as if she had already thought it all through. "Try to get as many of the Shepherds as you can. Kellam would be important in sneaking past the zombies on scouting missions."

Robin though this over. His daughter had a better standing with the Shepherd then he did. He did save them numerous times, and he was pretty sure, if there were a zombie attack, they would all come running to him. However, now that Robin was airing out all his dirty laundry with the other with the whole firing thing, he wasn't on the greatest of grounds with everybody.

He didn't mind. He was friends with the Shepherds he liked, and hated the ones that hated him. It was nice to be on the same terms with people.

"...I've put too much thought into this." Robin sighed. "I think I might need another war, dear."

"Father!" Morgan exclaimed. "Don't say things like that! I want to be a great tactician, just like you, but not if it means putting lives on the line!"

"I'm joking!" Robin exclaimed. "...Maybe."

"Anyway, father, I'd love to chat, but I have to go meet with Yarne!" Morgan exclaimed, with a smile. She began to skip out of the room.

"Hold it." Robin said sternly. "Are you really going out like that?"

"What do you mean, father?" Morgan asked. "Is there something wrong with my dress?"

"Why aren't you wearing your cloak?" Robin asked.

Morgan huffed in annoyance. "Father, I don't have to wear that all the time!" She exclaimed. "I want to be a great tactician, just like you, but I'm also still a woman!"

"You're also still my daughter, and no daughter of mine is going out dressed like that!" Robin exclaimed.

"Ugh!" Morgan exclaimed, stomping up the steps. "I want to be a great tactician, just like you!" She shouted angrily at Robin.

"Put your cloak on!" Robin shouted back. "If he fell in love with you while you were wearing it, he shouldn't mind you still wearing it!"

Morgan angrily stomped back down the stairs, her tactician's cloak wrapped around her.

"I want to be a great tactician just like you!" She shouted at him angrily, before storming out of the door.

Robin sighed. "I suppose she has to go through her defiant teenage phase. Are you just going to listen in?" He said out loud.

"...I figured you two were having a bit of a moment." Lucina said, walking into the room.

"Don't lie." Robin said. "You two are closer in age then I am. I'm an old man!"

Lucina giggled. "To be fair, I was perfectly prepared to see you as an uncle figure before you began courting me."

"Well, that's not weird." Robin said sarcastically. "Anyway, I wouldn't worry about the age thing. This is the age where teenage girls begin to connect to their mothers, so you're actually in a pretty good place for that." Robin chuckled to himself. "Maybe you could both bitch about your young fathers."

"I'm not going to lie: I've had similar conversations with Father." Lucina admitted.

"Oh, I've heard." Robin said. "If you had to win any of those arguments, why did you have to win the one that let you wear you Falchion under your wedding dress. What did you think was going to happen?"

"Well," Lucina said. "If we were attacked-"

"We would have been in a chapel full of some of the greatest warriors in the kingdom." Robin said. "Not that I'm complaining. There's nothing I find sexier than an armed woman."

"I'll keep that in mind." Lucina said.

"For the record, I already know what your zombie plan is, if you heard that much of the conversation." Robin said.

"Oh?" Lucina said.

"Travel back in time with the purpose of stopping the invasion, bring some zombies with you, and seduce the dragon-ish guy that creates the zombies." Robin said with a cheeky grin.

Lucina smiled, and lovingly put her hands on his neck. "That's not all of it." She said. She leaned in and whispered in his ear. "When he's comfortable, I'll slit his throat in his sleep, when he least expects it." She grinned as she kissed him on the cheek, and walked out of the room.

"..." Robin stood there, watching her walk away."...That turned me on more than it should have." He looked over at his desk. "This work means nothing." He ran off after his wife. "Don't call me Uncle!" He shouted after her.

Robin later would wonder if Chrom would let him slide on the late work if he explained he was simply banging his

daughter.

Not that he gave a shit, at the time.

So I hope that holds you over. My brain is kinda mush, so it might not be as good as it could have been.

Up next (eventually): Severa!

Chapter 32: Severa

Hey, I'm back! The play went great! On with the show!

I'MSORRYI'MSORRYI'MSORRYI'MSORRYI'MSORRY

"Lonny! Cordelia!" Robin exclaimed. "Fancy seeing you two around here!"

"...You invited us." Cordelia said. She was sitting next to her husband and across from Robin, whose office they were in.

"Don't call me Lonny." Lon'qu grumbled.

"Right. Right. I did, didn't I?" Robin said. "Ok. Might as well get this over with. So, there's good news and bad news." Robin explained. "Which do you want to hear first?"

"I would prefer to hear the bad news." Cordelia said. "That way, we can leave feeling uplifted by the good news."

"I have no preference." Lon'qu said.

"Right." Robin said, scratching his head uncomfortably. "Ok, so…Wait. That won't work."

"What?" Lon'qu asked the tactician.

"I actually have to tell you the good news first. That bad news wouldn't make any sense without you first knowing the good news." Robin explained. "I probably should have said that from the start."

"Ok then. Tell us the good news." Cordelia said.

"Alright." Robin sighed. "Let's get this over with...You remember that time a bunch of kids from an apocalyptic future traveled back in time to change the course of fate?"

"...I recall it." Lon'qu replied plainly.

"Well, funny thing is, it turns out that, well, one of them was your daughter." Robin stuttered.

Cordelia's eye's lit up. "I have a daughter?" She asked, turning to her husband. "Lon'qu, you don't think-?"

"Let the man finish." Lon'qu said. "You mentioned bad news?"

"Right...Right!" Robin exclaimed. "So, it turns out our good Exalt crossed paths with her at some point over our journey. She wanted to help some dude she knew, I don't know. The specifics of the plot allude me. Anyway, she refused Chrom's help, rushed into battle by herself and…well…" Robin trailed off.

"...She died, didn't she?" Cordelia said, looking down.

"...I wish I could give you some better news. I have a daughter myself, so I can't imagine how it must feel to lose-"

"That was phenomenally stupid of her." Lon'qu commented.

"...What?" Robin said.

Cordelia raised her head. "I was just about to say that." She added. She didn't appear to be crying.

"But...your daughter…" Robin stuttered.

"I think that a family connection with children of a different time can only be formed if you meet them." Lon'qu said.

"I agree." Cordelia said. "While I feel sorry for the poor girl, the fact of the matter is that she made a poor call in combat. I'm sure that, if I were in a motherly relationship with her, I would be much more distressed."

"...Wait." Robin said. "You're taking the news of finding out you have a child pretty well. You don't mind that you never met her…" His eyes widened. "Congratulations, you two! When's it due?"

Cordelia's eyes widened in surprise. "H-how did you-"

"Don't-!" Lon'qu interrupted.

"Master." Robin said, tapping his head. "Tactician."

Lon'qu signed. "Never mind." He said. "Do we assume it's a girl?"

"I...don't really know." Robin replied. "Given how all this time travel stuff works, as well as how random genetics actually are, the child could turn out completely different than expected."

"I'd be fine with her being a girl." Cordelia smiled.

"...I suppose I could make it work." Lon'qu said.

"Sheesh, Lonny. I don't think you're little problem would cause you to have trouble with your daughter, right?" Robin asked.

"Of course it wouldn't." Lon'qu said.

"Good." Robin said, as he took out a piece of paper. "Now, I figured I should give you a heads up on a few things about the daughter, Severa-"

"That's her name?" Cordelia asked.

"You can change it if you want." Robin said. "It's your kid."

"No. Severa...I like it!" Cordelia smiled.

"Stable time loop complete." Robin muttered to himself. "I questioned some of the past kids about her. I think the two main things you should look out for is spoiling her and mommy issues."

"Mommy issues?" Cordelia asked, frowning. "What do I do?"

"Well, from what I gathered, it's pretty hard having to live up to your standard. Or, that is, the expectations other people set for her because you were her mother." Robin said. "She apparently becomes bitter because of this. So, yeah, she's a bit of a spoiled daddy's girl."

Lon'qu glared at him. "Did they only slander her memory?" He asked threateningly.

Robin looked at him with a blank expression. "...You know, as somebody who has been a victim of the overprotective dad face as well as a user of it, I gotta say, you really settled into the role of overprotective father pretty quickly. The spoiling thing might be unavoidable…And they said good things. I just assumed you wanted to know some of the bad things" Robin admitted. "You can ask the time-displaced dysfunction junction about her."

"Well, if we don't have to focus on a Risen army, I could put more effort into making sure little Severa knows she's loved and unique." Cordelia said.

"We do not know if it is a she." Lon'qu mentioned.

"I like the idea of her being a girl." Cordelia replied. "Is that everything, Robin?"

"Oh. Yeah. Right." Robin said, surprised. "This actually went a lot better than I thought it would. Good luck with the baby!" Robin paused for a second. "...Wait...Was it conceived…?"

"Don't think about it too much." Lon'qu stated, his face turning a deep red.

"We tipped Cinnamon quite a bit!" Cordelia exclaimed, smiling at Robin.

"...I usually have a witty comment at this point, but I really can't think of anything." Robin admitted. "Now get out of here, you crazy sex person!...and Lon'qu." Robin said.

The happy couple left Robin's office.

"...Hmm. It's interesting how relationships started during the war change during peace times." Robin reflected to himself. "I think the normalist couple would be the good old royal family…Time travel kinda fucks with everything."

This is all Severa's fault. I assumed she would work like all the other kids and join you after you had Chrom talk to them. She just ran ahead of me and died.

Up next: Noire!

Chapter 33: Noire

Considering the reaction to the last chapter, I should clarify something about Robin: This is my first play-through Robin. I didn't use any FAQs or anything, I just wanted to experience the game. I am also not a tactical genius. I find it funny how everybody will always see Robin as a tactical gift sent from Naga when sometimes he isn't. I kinda changed his character in this story to reflect this.

That said, after playing the game, I looked into Laurent and Severa. I like them. Keep that in mind.

Robin stared at the young woman sitting across from him. She was quivering under his gaze. Robin would compare her quivering to something, but anything it could be compared to would make the scene much darker than it actually was.

"...Noire?" Robin asked cautiously.

"Um...Y-yes, Robin?" Noire stuttered.

"What the hell did your mother do to you?" Robin asked. "I could just ask her, but it's been harder to find her since she stopped stalking me." He paused. "See, if she was hiding in here, she would have come out. I'm actually missing the crazy witch a bit."

"I don't know what you're talking about." Noire said. "You...you already know what my mother used to do to me…"

"Yes, I know that." Robin replied. "But what caused the alternate personality?"

"I-It's just me getting a-a little braver!" Noire exclaimed.

"Bullshit." Robin retorted. "All you future kids have some messed up mental things. There's always something that messes you up. I'm pretty sure the combination of Tharja's…interesting parenting skills and the whole 'dead parents, doomed world' situation you kids were in that broke your mind. You claim that it's a different part of your mind, but I believe that it's a completely different personality altogether."

"H-How do you think you can prove that?" Noire asked.

"Well, I just have to piss you off to draw out the other persona." Robin replied. "By the way, you're fired for being a pussy. Am I right about the alternate personality thing?"

"INSOLENCE!" She screamed at him, her entire demeanor changing into a much more aggressive one.

"And you're fired for being too uncontrollable." Robin said. "Now, was I correct about the split persona thing?"

"BLOOD AND THUNDER!" She shouted. "You're pulling the facts straight out of your mortal hind, but that doesn't make them any less true!"

"I knew it!" Robin exclaimed. "Now the reason I knew that, Noire, is that I AM A MASTER-"

"SILENCE!" She exclaimed. "My name is not Noire! Noire is a whimpering coward! I am a bloodthirsty warrior! You may call me...NORIE!"

"...Noire?" Robin asked, after a pause.

"NORIE!" She shouted.

"That's what I said. Noire." Robin said.

"NORIE, MORTAL!" Norie shouted.

"Can you spell that out?" Robin asked.

Her demeanor changed again, into it's original timid stance. "She's N-O-R-I-E. I'm N-O-I-R-E. S-Sorry about her." Noire said. "She's a bit...aggressive."

She changed again. "BLOOD AND THUNDER, COWARD! SILENCE YOUR TONGUE." Norie shouted

Noire, who was usually pretty timid, stood her ground against...herself. "He asked an obvious question!" Noire responded. "I'm just being polite."

"WE SHALL SEE WHO IS THE POLITE ONE WHEN I SWIM IN A POOL FULL OF YOUR ORGANIC FLUIDS!" Norie shouted.

"Um...Aren't they your organs, too?" Noire asked

"Ew." Robin said. He decided to keep quiet. Usually, he would talk to the recently unemployed Shepherd, but Noire...Norie...she seemed to be keeping herself entertained. He decided this was a good time to step in. "Look, do you two need any help, or do you think you can...figure ourselves out on your own?"

"I WILL EAT YOU!" Norie exclaimed.

"Y-Y-You will do no such thing!" Noire countered. "We'll be good, Robin. I was thinking of opening up a bakery."

"Oh." Robin smiled. "How pleasant."

"OF BLOOD!" Norie exclaimed

"Less pleasant." Robin remarked.

"There will be no blood involved with the bakery." Noire said.

"BUT I WANT THERE TO BE!" Norie shouted.

"I know you don't like the bakery idea , but-" Noire said, but was interrupted by...herself.

"OWAIN WOULD NOT WANT TO SETTLE DOWN!" Norie shouted.

"I suppose you're right." Noire admitted. "Although he does seem to enjoy our treats."

"AND OUR BREASTS!" Norie added.

"Y-Y-Y-Yes…" Noire stuttered, her face turning red. "I...I guess so."

"THE HAND OF THE BLADE SHALL REAP THROUGH THE BLOOD AND THUNDER OF OUR-" Norie shouted.

"I'm gonna stop you right there." Robin interrupted. "It sounds like this conversation has absolutely nothing to do with me anymore, and that it contains much more information than I wanted. Good luck with all of that, and I hope to see you around, Noire. You're a nice girl. Norie...not so much…"

"T-Thank you, Robin!" Noire said. "Please stop by when my bakery opens, if it ever does." She stood up and bowed her head.

Her expression changed when her head rose back up. "Count your days, spawn of Grima." Norie hissed, backing out of the office.

"Why do I always leave these meetings knowing more about their sex lives?" Robin said to himself. "I didn't even ask that time…"

Was this entire bit inspired by my difficulty spelling Noire's name? Yes.

Also, shout-out to the contest winner, Tifer. A few chapters ago, I mentioned that nobody has drawn any pictures of Gerome and Inigo as Batman and Robin. Well, guess what they drew:

www. deviantart art/Dress-up-Party-439154395 (Delete the spaces next to the dots.)

So yeah, that's pretty awesome!

Anyway, up next: Nah!

Chapter 34: Nah

A guest reviewer had a fair point about the context and original promise of this story, so, in a way to keep it vague for those of you who are just skipping around the chapters, be on the look out, after the main decruitments are over, for extra chapters. The canon extra chapters will be refered to as paralogues and the out of canon ones will be refered to as xenologues. You'll know them when you see them.

"Nah." Robin asked the girl/woman/dragon in front of him.

"Yes?" She replied.

"Nah." Robin said. "Nah Nah Nah."

"What?" Nah asked, confused.

"Nah Nah Nah Nah Nah." Robin began to sing. "Nah Nah Nah Nah Nah Nah BATMAN!" He exclaimed, pumping a fist into the air.

"...Should I just leave?" Nah asked, irritated at the tactician.

Robin laughed to himself. "No, no. I just really wanted to do that. I haven't mentioned Batman in a while. Author notes don't count."

"Is that that thing you're always talking to Gerome about?" Nah asked.

"Just be glad I didn't go with 'Land of 1,000 Dances." Robin said. "We would be here awhile. So anyway, you wanted to chat?"

"Yes." Nah replied. "I wanted to ask you about why you fired my mother."

"Because…" Robin paused. "I forget. Hold on a second." He pulled out a notebook from his desk. "This has all my firing reasons in it. Let's see here…" He paged through the book. "Too dangerous, too crazy, is an asshole...Oh!" He exclaimed. "Here we go! Nowi! Dress code violations and immaturity!"

"That seems stupid." Nah said. "I mean, I'd agree with you about the immaturity thing, but you shouldn't have fired her for being distracting to others, which I assume was the problem."

"It wasn't exactly distracting." Robin clarified. "Lucina as Marth was distracting. Nowi's dress apparel was disturbing, considering the age she physically appears to be."

"My father didn't seem to mind." Nah said.

"Your father…" Robin trailed off.

"Nya-ha!" Henry exclaimed. "I love blood and all, but, if you don't stop bleeding, I'll cut you! Again!"

You don't need any context

"Let's not talk about your father." Robin said quickly.

"Suit yourself." Nah said. "My point is, why would you fire my mother but not fire me?"

"Nah." Robin said.

"You're not starting another song, are you?" Nah asked the tactician.

"Nope." Robin replied. "I just wanted to say that I have absolutely no reason to fire you. You seem pretty stable, and you can turn into a dragon."

"Yeah, but I'm distracting." Nah replied.

"How are you distracting?" Robin asked. "If you're gonna say it's because you're young, well, you can turn into a dragon. People know you can take care of yourself."

"No." Nah said. "People will be distracted by how sexy I am."

Robin stared at the girl. "...What?" He asked.

"See?!" Nah exclaimed. "You're acting weird now because you just realized how beautiful I am!"

"What?" Robin repeated.

"I'm flattered, Robin, but Lucina is one of my closest friends! I would hate to destroy her trust! And her family! And Morgan! Morgan would hate me!" She continued ranting.

"What are you talking about?" Robin asked, but Nah ignored him.

"Brady would want to fight you over my honor, but I'm pretty sure you would beat him! Picture me. Nah the homewrecker. Maybe I could write a book."

"NAH!" Robin exclaimed. "What the hell are you talking about?!"

"I'm talking about how you're planning on cheating on your loving wife and destroying both of our families in a torrid affair." Nah replied. "Duh."

"...Why do you think any of that is going to happen?" Robin asked. He wasn't exactly sure how to approach this situation.

"Because you are clearly attracted to me so much you can barely control yourself." Nah said. "I can make this easier for you, Robin." She said, standing up. "I'm leaving the Shepherds. That way, we can have our distance and you can get over your attraction."

"...Um. Ok then." Robin said. Nah got out of her chair and walked toward the door.

She turned around to face Robin. "Are you sure this is what you want?"

"I...I guess?" Robin said. "I'm a bit lost."

"We all are." Nah said dreamily. "Love is an ocean, and sometimes the waves threaten to overturn each of our boats. We must stay vigilant, Robin. Each of us have our own boats. We are not each others shipmates, my friend. Goodbye." She walked out the door.

"...Crap" Robin remarked to himself. "I didn't do the 'na-na-na-na-hey-hey-hey-goodbye thing! I was really looking forward to that...Also, did I just have an affair?"

Robin's complaint at the end of this chapter was one I genuinely had with myself. I suppose you can't get everything.

I paired Nah off with Brady, so this is kinda based off of the tone of the their S-rank support. If you think it's too out of character, I understand.

Henry cameo is a Henry cameo

Up next: Yarne! This should be good.

Chapter 35: Yarne

I'm starting to notice my most insane ideas come when I'm not really trying.

Anyway, here's Yarne.

Robin glared at the young taguel seated across from bunny-man was sweating bullets as Robin looked down at a piece of paper on his desk.

"Well, you're fired." Robin said.

"What?!" Yarne exclaimed. "W-Why?!"

"I honestly don't know." Robin said, much to Yarne's surprise. "Looking over your file now, you seem to have some skills that we really could use."

"R-Really?" Yarne asked nervously.

"Yup." Robin replied. "Especially your ability to turn into a giant cat."

"Thanks!" Yarne exclaimed, smiling nervously. "I-Wait. I turn into a giant bunny, not a cat."

"Really?" Robin asked, looking back at the piece of paper. "Because it says here that you're a huge pussy."

"..." Yarne stared blankly at the tactician. "Is...is this because I date Morgan? Because, in my defense, she was the one who did all the heavy lifting in this relationship!"

"..." Robin glared at the taguel, who shrank under his gaze in fear. "First off, no. This has nothing to do with your relationship with my daughter. I treat everybody with the same brutal honesty and, I'll admit, dickishness I'm treating you with. You really are being fired for being a pussy. Also, the 'last of your kind' thing is actually a pretty valid excuse to back out of combat. doesn't make you any less of a pussy, but still."

"O-Oh." Yarne said nervously. "Thank you, Mr. Robin, sir! I-"

"Don't call me Mr. Robin." Robin said. "That's not my name. That's my first name. It's stupid of you to think that's my last name. I would assume you would know the last name of the girl you are dating. By the way, yes, it is pretty obvious that she spearheaded your relationship. The only reason Morgan would be dating someone like you would be if she really wanted to."

"Hey!" Yarne exclaimed. "I take offence to that!"

Robin glared at him.

"This seems pretty bias…" Yarne mumbled. "Both of you have amnesia, so neither of you know your last names…"

"Say what you will." Robin replied. "Now, even though I'm no longer your employer, I'm still the father of the girl you're dating." He folded his hands over his desk and glared at Yarne. "What are your intentions with my girl?"

"Marriage, sir." Yaren quickly replied, much to his and Robin's surprise.

"What?" Robin asked quickly.

"Uh.." Yarne exclaimed. "I said that without thinking about it! But…" He paused for a second. "...Yeah. Marriage."

"...Your hesitation doesn't exactly fill me with confidence…" Robin remarked.

"Well, we can talk about that. We're both here. Kill two birds with one stone, right?" Yarne asked nervously.

"I think I might want to get Lucina in on this." Robin said.

"Oh!" Yarne replied. "I already talked to her about it!"

"...Really?" Robin asked.

"Yup. She said that she trusted me with Morgan, since she believed that Morgan could fend for herself if worse came to

worse. She recommended I talk to you, since she said you might be a harder sell." He said."Don't get mad at her!" Yarne added quickly.

"I won't." Robin replied. "Actually, I have to admit, I can kinda relate to you about having to go up to a friend and ask for their daughter's hand in marriage." Robin paused for a second. "What exactly did Lucina say to you, when she inevitably threatened you?"

"How did you know that?" Yarne asked, surprised.

"She's her father's daughter." Robin replied.

"Oh." Yarne said. "Well, she-"

"Also," Robin interrupted. "Master Tactician."

"...Yeah, well, she said that, if I hurt Morgan, she would...uh, 'make it much more difficult for me to save my race from extinction'." Yarne said nervously. "Her words, not mine."

"...Huh." Robin commented. "That's funny. Chrom basically did the same thing to me."

"Really?" Yarne asked.

"Yeah, although he was a bit more subtle about it. He 'casually' reminded me that the Falchion was the sharpest blade in existence. He was using it to cut a sausage at the time." Robin said. "He probably could have been a bit more subtle."

"So, what you're saying is that Lucina's Chrom in this situation?" Yarne asked.

"...Oh Naga." Robin realized. "That makes me Sumia."

"Was...Was Sumia by any chance more open to your relationship?" Yarne asked nervously.

"A bit more passive aggressive, actually. Oh, don't get me wrong." Robin said. "Chrom and Sumia were both happy with Lucina and I. I just kinda assumed I would get to be the threatening one in this relationship."

"Oh...Does that mean you're...OK with this?" Yarne asked timidly.

"..." Robin glared at the bunny man, who gulped nervously.

He sighed. "...I'm gonna have fuzzy grandchildren." He admitted.

"R-Really?!" Yarne exclaimed.

"Quick rule of thumb about all of this." Robin quickly said. "You hurt her in any way, shape or form, and I end you. You make her cry, I make you cry…which actually wouldn't be that difficult. Pussy, remember?"

"Yes, sir!" Yarne exclaimed.

"I guess I kinda see a little of myself in you, to be honest." Robin admitted. "Even though you are a pussy and whatnot, I'm sympathetic to your situation."

"Yes, sir." Yarne said. He stood up to leave, but Robin spoke up.

"Also, I don't want any more 'mounted combat' until after you're married." Robin ordered.

"W-What are you talking about?!" Yarne exclaimed, a blush covering his face.

"I'll be frank." Robin said. "No being inside my daughter until after you're married. You lost points for making me say that, by the way."

"...A-Actually," Yarne muttered, blush still on his face. "I...I was never inside her, but-"

"This conversation is over." Robin quickly interrupted him. "A rabbit's foot isn't that lucky when it's in your mouth."

"Right." Yarne muttered, before quickly walking out of the office. He turned and smiled at Robin. "Thank you, Robin."

"Take care of her, Yarne." Robin replied earnestly. The taguel left his office. "...Well, I for one am getting plastered." Robin pulled a flask out from his desk. He paused, and pulled out a full bottle of wine. "This should do it."

That went a bit more peacefully than most of you expected. I might just be speaking for myself, and I wrote it.

Up next: ...Um...I want to say...Kelly? No, no...um...Well, you guys know who I'm talking about.

Chapter 36: Kjelle

Sorry for the delay. I just discovered Half-Life 2 and that's kinda been distracting me. Also, I just started my work at a service site with my school.

"Man, my head hurts…" Robin muttered to himself. He had invited Chrom over to his office after his meeting with Yarne. They got drunk together, relating stories and feelings about their friends hooking up with their daughters. It didn't didn't matter that Robin happened to be the friend that hooked up with Chrom's daughter. They still had their fun.

That said, apparently the royal family can hold their booze better than those with the blood of the Fell Dragon. One has to wonder what that says about Naga…

"I probably shouldn't have pre-gamed before I met up with Chrom…" Robin groaned.

"Yeah." The armored woman sitting across from him agreed. "I try not to get too drunk when I drink. You never know when you need to be aware."

Robin slowly glared at the woman.

"...Who the fuck are you?" Robin asked, an annoyed expression on his face.

"Kjelle, sir." Kjelle said.

"Am I suppose to know who that is?" Robin asked.

"I'm Sully's daughter?" Kjelle said, trying to jog his memory.

"Sully had a daughter?" Robin asked. "I thought she was like that ninja chick or Anna, not having future children. That would mean you're Valke's daughter, given the fact they're married and you have his hair. Have you ever noticed how you kids always have your father's hair? Genetics are very specific like that. The only exceptions is Morgan, my girl…" Robin groaned. "My engaged girl. I need another drink…" He grabbed his head in pain. "No, I don't…"

"Ahem." Kjelle coughed, getting Robin's attention.

"Oh, right." Robin said plainly. "Still don't remember you."

"I'm a great fighter, even for a woman." Kjelle said.

"Yeah, so are Sully, Miriel, Panne, Anna, Cordelia, Now I, Tharja, Cherche, Lucina, Say-say or whatever her name was, and countless others. Need I go on?" Robin asked. "It's great that you're a powerful woman and all, but around these parts, that doesn't exactly make you unique. Being strong isn't a characteristic. If you weren't strong, you wouldn't be here, would you?"

"I don't really know what you're getting at…" Kjelle said.

"Oh, that has nothing to do with you." Robin said. "Well, it kinda does. It's more of the author having a problem with your characterization in the game, but we'll get to that in a second. What's your unique thing?"

"What do you mean?" Kjelle asked.

"You're a member of Lucina's Sexy, Dysfunctional Time Travel Squad." Robin said. "Owain has a crazy hand, Norie...no...Noire…well, she has a messed up mind, Gerome's Batman, etc. What's your thing?"

"Umm…" Kjelle thought. "Well, I like to fight, and I really like armor."

"Oh, really?" Robin asked sarcastically. "You like armor. As opposed to…?" He thought for a second. "Well, actually, as opposed to your father. And a lot of the army, really, including the fucking Exalt. One covered shoulder isn't going to change much. Congratulations, that one sholder is going to be safe from attack. But I digress. We'll get to the good king when we get to him."

"Why did you call this meeting if you forgot about me?" Kjelle asked.

"That's a really good question." Robin replied. "I honestly thought I was done with all you kids after Yarne. I thought I was doing the Khans next. I really honestly forgot about you. Are you sure you aren't Kellem's kid? He's pretty sneaky, so you

never know. I mean, really, if Kellem and Say-whatever had a kid, that kid would be you, because of how forgettable you are."

"No offence sir," Kjelle said annoyed. " but did you only want to meet with me to bitch at me, or are we actually going to talk about something important? Sir." She added.

"Kelly-"

"Kjelle, asshole." Kjelle corrected. "Sorry. Asshole, sir."

"Ok then, Kjelle," Robin said carefully, smirking a bit. "If you were this edgy during the war, I might have remembered you a bit more. I mean, one of your main characteristics is that you like to fight. Do you understand how unoriginal that is? You're a soldier, no shit you like to fight. Otherwise, we would know about how much you hate it."

Kjelle glared at him.

"Sorry." Robin admitted. "I just wanted to add that in there. Anyway, we no longer need your services, so get out."

"Happily!" Kjelle exclaimed, storming out of the office.

"...Ouch…" Robin grabbed his head. "Why did she have to shout so loud…Could be worse: Severa could have been the one that survived." Robin grinned. "Yeah, send all your complaints to the player. I'll just stay here and laugh."

So not only is Robin a dick, but he's also a troll.

A bit more on the monologue/fourth wall side here, as well as a surprising amount of foreshadowing. I didn't really think there was much I could do with Kjelle. I think she was probably the character they ran out of ideas with when they were making the kids.

Also, I'm done with the second-gen characters. Party! Some of the following chapters are grouped together characters, mainly because they revolve around the same joke and it would be better to have these characters play off each other as opposed to just Robin.

Up next: The Khans!

Chapter 37: Basilio and Flavia

Sorry about the wait. I got busy with stuff. Here you go!

"Basilio. Flavia. Pleasure as always." Robin greeted the two Khans seated across from him. "Now, I'm here to discuss your place the Shepherds."

"Place among the Shepherds?" Basilio asked.

"Yeah. You're both fired." Robin replied, "You need to be focusing on your jobs as Khans. You're both in charge of a nation, although not at the same time, but through some strange tournament. Speaking of which, Lucina still won't give me a straight about if she was planning on killing us in that battle or not. Care to tell me, Basilio?"

"Wait...That's what all this is about?" Flavia asked. "You're just firing us?"

"Yeah. I'm making some cuts." Robin replied.

"We...never really considered ourselves part of the Shepherds." Basilio said.

"Oh." Robin said. "Well, I guess we don't have a problem here. Hope you enjoyed your stay in Ylisse. Now get out of my office before-"

"That's the only reason you called for us?" Flavia asked. "Because you wanted to tell us we were no longer part of a random group of soldiers that helped out during a war effort?"

"I'm sorry." Robin said, annoyed. "Is there a problem?"

"Yes!" Basilio replied. "Do you have any idea how long the trip is between here and Ferox is?"

"Well, I figured something this emotionally taxing would be something you wanted to hear in person." Robin retorted.

"Why do you think this would be 'emotionally taxing'?" Flavia asked. "Because we want to be part of your little club?"

"We barely connected with the other Shepherds!" Basilio added. "The only people who have come up to visit often are Lon'qu with Cordelia and Olivia with that wizard boy!"

"Huh. I haven't really talked to Rickon lately." Robin commented. "Weird. I'll have to revisit him later."

"That's not to say I haven't had a few...surprise visits." Basilio commented.

"Basilio…?"

The great Khan turned to the other side of his bed.

His eyes widened as he realized he was not alone.

Henry grinned at him, holding a fire tomb.

"~Do you want to kill a snowman?~" He sang.

Basilio shuddered.

"Hey, we aren't all like Henry!" Robin retorted.

"How did he get in my house?!" Basilio exclaimed. "He could have hurt my family!"

"I'm sure you two could have handled Henry!" Robin exclaimed.

Flavia and Basilio looked at each other, looks of disbelief on their faces.

"Do...do you think we're married?" Flavia asked.

"Oh...You're not?"

"Why did you just assume...Is it because we're both black?!" Flavia exclaimed in disbelief.

"No no no no no!" Robin exclaimed, frantically waving his hands and shaking his hands. "That has nothing to do with it! I don't see race! People tell me I'm white, and I believe them because that's what color my hands are in the pre-rendered cut-scenes."

"Didn't you just say you don't see race?" Basilio asked. "What do you even look like?"

"Hey!" Robin exclaimed. "I'm the only one here that can break the fourth wall! And the audience hasn't asked about that yet! Anyway, I just assumed you were married because you both seemed so close, and the Shepherds tend to marry in the group."

"Just because we're close doesn't mean we're involved with each other!" Flavia exclaimed.

"Well," Basilio mentioned, "There were a few pre and post battle moments of passion-"

"That he doesn't need to know about." Flavia exclaimed.

"Didn't you just say you had a family?" Robin asked.

"Yeah, but we're pretty open in Ferox!" Basliso explained. "Why, just last week-"

"Like I said:" Flavia interrupted him. "He doesn't need to know."

"...I love my wife." Robin reminded himself. "Well, anyway, I also thought you guys were married because you were in the Shepherds together. You know how many couples were formed in that team?"

"That doesn't exactly strike me as healthy, falling in love while murdering people."Flavia noted. "What would you do to bond after the war is over? What if that was what was holding the couple together?"

"Hey!" Robin exclaimed. "That's how me and Lucina bonded! And we're fine!"

"What about the others?" Basilio asked.

"All fine!" Robin exclaimed, then paused for a second. "...Well, Cherche did fuck her dragon, but I'm trying to actively get rid of that mental image, so let's not talk about that."

"Are you even going to ask us about our families?" Flavia asked. "Or invite us over for dinner or something? Make the trip worth it?"

"We all know the damage is done." Robin admitted. "Now, I told Chrom you guys were coming, so you can go do some official shit."

"Oh. Well. I guess this trip won't be a complete waste." Flavia commented.

"Well, yeah. I mean, I know you guys are going to want to recruit me later for your next tournament." Robin added. He noticed their uneasy expressions. "...Because I'm such a good fighter…?"

"...Do you know if Lucina is-"

"Get out of my office."

So yeah. This combo chapter didn't really work out as well as I wanted it to. It's funny, but the voices sound too alike.

The next combo chapter has very different characters.

Up next: Tiki!

Chapter 38: Tiki

Tiki was seated on the other side of Robin's desk. From what she had heard, this was usually where Robin would curse out the invited member of the Shepherds before informing them they were no longer needed.

Well, that was the average idea. None of the meetings really went the same way.

This meeting was off to a different start as well, Tiki noted.

Robin was missing.

Tiki sat there in silence for about an hour. She had snuck in about two quick cat naps. She would call them "dragon naps" for the pun, but she decided years ago that a dragon nap lasted centuries.

Tiki was about to give up on the meeting and leave when the doors slammed open.

"CRAP! SHIT! NO ONE TOLD ME WE WERE BACK!" Robin exclaimed, stomping over to his desk. He was wearing sunglasses and appeared to only be wearing swim trunks under his tactician robes.

"We weren't on for like a month, so who can blame me for taking a bit of a vacation with the family?" Robin exclaimed, settling down across from Tiki. "I had to rush back here when I remembered I was meeting with you! I have to warn you, I might be a little eccentric today. I'm a bit rusty on the decruitment thing and, to be honest, I'm three jelly shots deep, and the buzz is kicking in fast.."

"What's a jelly shot?" Tiki asked.

"It's a great way to drink vodka fast." Robin replied quickly. "Now, I'm gonna get this out-of-the-way pretty fast. Tiki, you're probably one of the more stable manakete we have. Nowi is immature and kinda reckless, and Nah is...Nah. Now, you do bring your own…assets to the team." He blushed a bit. "However, from what I understand, you are some sort of God or prophet. Actually, I think you're like the Naga Pope or something."

"Oh!" Tiki said, suddenly realizing something. "You're de-cruiting me, correct? I've done this before."

"...What?" Robin uttered. "When? I pulled that word out of my ass."

"Back when I was with Mar-Mar!" Tiki exclaimed, closing her eyes and smiling. "I can remember it like it was yesterday…"

Tiki sat there in silence, smiling to herself. Robin looked around, confused.

"...Are you having a flashback?" Robin asked. "Shouldn't we be looking in on this or something?"

Awakening is the only Fire Emblem game I played. Cut me some slack.

"Just look it up on TV Tropes or something!" Robin replied. "And are we really about to do this?"

Well, there has been a bit of a change of plans…

"You're not canceling me, are you?" Robin asked. "I'm literally the best thing you've written!"

That...seems like it would be a matter of opinion.

"Really? What do you think is your best story? The Nerdist one? The one about the singing piece of shit?"

Those were my first two stories! It seemed like a good idea at the time!

"Whatever you say, weirdo."

Anyway, I know I haven't updated in a while, and there are two main reason for that.

"Three."

Two,

"No, three. In fact, you haven't had to do school work since the end of March, so that should count as a negative reason or something."

I was helping poor people!

"You're bragging about how good of a person you are on the internet. What an asshole."

You, shut up. Anyway, the first reason I haven't been able to update in a while is that I recently decided that I decided I wanted to focus my energy on one story and finish it. I don't like the idea of leaving a story unfinished.

"I wonder how the Joker is doing with the TARDIS?"

I decided to try to focus on Wayward Son, but I-

"Wait- you chose the BORDERLANDS story over mine?!"

I know it's not as popular as this story, but it was my first long-term story and-

"-and people were just dying to know about the romantic dramas of Tiny Tina!"

It's not about that!

"Right. I'm sorry. I meant the sex life of CLAPTRAP! You gave him a dick and everything just for it!"

Why are you making these jokes? Nobody's going to understand any of them unless they have knowledge of my fanfiction history.

"You're the one making me say all of this. This is all on you, buddy!"

...You know what? I think I'll just move on to my second reason. The second reason I haven't updated in a while is that-

"He's been playing a crapton of video games."

Well, yeah, I guess, but-

"Am I going to be recruiting Edward Kenway anytime soon? Or Ratchet and Clank? Or the cast of Tales of Vesperia? Or Gordon Freeman?"

...You can't deny some of those would be pretty cool.

"Keep it in the fandom, buddy."

Anyway, the other, third-ish reason I took a while to update was that I realized something that would be the perfect sequel to this story, but I have to wait until I have more information on the upcoming game.

"Upcoming game?...You don't mean…?"

Correct. I want to make another sequel of this story with the Super Smash Brothers.

"That's actually pretty badass! Wait- I'm still in it, right?"

Robin, you are actually one of the least expendable parts of this story. In fact, I'm going to be updating the story less often because I want to wait for the next Smash Brothers game to come out. That way, I will know for a fact if Robin or any of the Awakening characters are involved in the game.

"I could see myself as a Smasher…"

I'm kinda thinking of calling it 'Decruited: UnSmashed' or something. Maybe something that's a play on words of 'New Challenger Approaching.'

"The first one's kinda dumb and the second one's kind of wordy. Just throw it out to the crowd or something."

Yeah. If you guys have any ideas, just let me know.

"For the record, I was joking about reviewing Ratchet and Clank. There is no way I am letting you outstretch my skills to the Piss Station All Star ripoffs!"

I'm not exactly surprised a Nintendo character is a bit of a Nintendo fanboy. Although, since I am talking to you, I've always wanted to ask you something.

"Shoot."

Does it bother you that you're aware of the fourth wall? That there is some outworldly force controlling all your actions and, while he may not know exactly how he gets you there, already has a plan set out for you?

"Not really."

Really? I'm surprised you aren't bothered by that.

"Says that Catholic."

Hey, let's not bring religion into this. Just because I'm Catholic-

"What's a Cat-Lick?"

Robin looked at Tiki, who had a curious look on her face.

"Oh. Tiki. Right. Forgot about you." Robin said sheepishly.

"Who's the voice you're talking to?" Tiki asked.

...Um...I'm...Naga?

"...You do realize she of all people would know what Naga sounds like, right?" Robin asked. "There is no way she would-
"

"Oh! Naga!" Tiki exclaimed. "Forgive me for not recognizing you! Why are you contacting Robin today?"

Oh...Well, that's not important, Tiki. What is important is this special mission I have to give you.

"Really?" Robin and Tiki both asked, with their tones being suspicious and eager, respectively.

Yes! I want you to...um...eat a tree.

"...What?" Tiki asked.

Yes. Turn into a dragon...and eat a tree.

"...This some kind of fetish or something?" Robin asked. Tiki, however, didn't seem to hear him.

"Very well, Naga." She said, somewhat hesitantly. "I suppose I should go...eat a tree." She transformed into a dragon and flew through Robin's newly repaired window, shattering it.

...For the record, it's not a fetish. I just needed to give us some time.

"Time for what?" Robin asked.

Time to end the chapter.

"Oh." Robin said. "Since I assume you don't need endnotes, when are you going to end this?"

Chapter 39: Gangrel, Aversa, and Walhart

I mashed these three together because they basically have the same reason.

Let's just pretend that last chapter didn't happen.

"I'm glad the three of you agreed to come to this meeting together." Robin said. He was sitting at a round table in the middle of his office.

"Anything for you, big bwudder." Aversa said, in a mocking baby voice.

"Why is Walhart on his horse?" Gangrel asked.

"Shut up, Gangrel!" Robin exclaimed angrily. "You are a piece of shit with the personality of Shia Labeouf, who is also a piece of shit." He paused. "That said, why are you on your horse, Walhart?"

"I would never enter a building unarmed." Walhart exclaimed.

"You consider your horse your weapon?" Gangrel asked.

"It has killed almost as many people as I have." The former emperor replied.

"...So you've run over a lot a people." Robin stated.

"It is a tactic, tactician." Walhart replied.

"Well...Never mind." Robin said, deciding end that line of conversation. "Anyway, you're all fired."

"...What are you talking about?" Gangrel asked.

"You are no longer Shepherds." Robin clarified.

"We were Shepherds?" Aversa asked.

"I always thought this was some sort of forced labor." Gangrel commented.

"I was biding my time, working under the kingdom of Ylisse to slowly work my way to the top, conquering it the old fashion way." Walhart added.

"Walhart has just illustrated my reason perfectly." Robin said. "When we fought you guys, we were trying to kill you. For some reason, however, upon finding out that we failed to do that, Chrom decided to take you guys in. People who had attempted to kill us, and succeeded in some cases." He glared at Gangrel.

"I'm grateful for Prince Chrom's offer of a second chance." Gangrel said. "I've done some pretty regretful things, and I-"

"Gangrel, you look like what would happen if Ganondorf fucked that old CD-i version of the King of Hyrule. And Chrom's the Exalt, asshole." Robin said. "I shouldn't have to explain why I don't want anything to do with you."

"I understand." Gangrel respond. "I'm only saying that I wish to make amends for my sins, however hopeless it might be."

"To be fair, Emmeryn is alive." Aversa commented.

"And we can all agree she in amazing shape." Robin said sarcastically.

"I wouldn't worry about the queenie." Aversa cooed. "I'm sure big, strong Priam is looking out for her." She winked.

"...I'll address that later." Robin noted to himself. "Anyway, Aversa, I have a bone to pick with you as well. Well, it's basically the same bone. The 'you tried to murder us, but for some reason work for us now' bone."

"I bet Gangrel can tell you plenty about bones." Aversa said suggestively, winking at the former mad king.

Gangrel sighed. "Seriously? We're bringing this up?"

"What's the matter, GanGan? Embarrassed about me?" Aversa asked, wiggling around in her seat.

"Wait." Robin said. "You're banging my little sister?!"

"Are you only calling her your little sister because I'm a bit involved with her?" Gangrel asked, annoyed.

"Little sister is much less sexy than big brother." Aversa commented.

"Can you stop that?" Robin asked. "It's starting to get really Lannister-y in here. In fact, i would break the fourth wall here and talk about how creepy your confession scene is, but, after last chapter, I don't think there's much of a fourth wall left to break!"

"I have built kingdoms out of the bones of my enemies." Walhart commented. "All in the name of peace."

"..." Robin looked at the former conqueror. "...Now, when you say 'bones'-"

"Both kinds." Walhart clarified.

"I think I once saw his 'bone' castle." Aversa commented. "All of the soldiers you had posted there killed themselves."

"All in the name of peace." Walhart commented.

"You keep saying that, but you've killed thousands, if not millions, of people." Robin said.

"As I said, all in the name of peace." Walhart said. "If you examine both of our messages, there is no real difference between myself and the Exalt Emmeryn."

"...I would argue with you about that," Robin said, "but I'm genuinely interested in why why think that. This is like looking at a philosophical car accident."

"I believe that the world will only be at peace when it all falls under one rule." Walhart explained. "The world would unite as one and we would drink the blood of those who disagree."

"But that's not peace!" Robin exclaimed. "Anything that involves drinking human blood isn't peace!" He paused. "...You do mean actual human blood, right?"

"Obviously." Walhart replied. "I belive that would can only consume that which you can gather with your bare hands."

"Which is why you're a vegetarian." Robin commented.

"I do approve of cannibalism, but only if you kill the man with your bare hands." Walhart clarified.

"And none of that sounds...insane to you?" Robin asked.

"Of course not." Walhart replied. "My logic is plain."

"...Why do you guys hang out with this guy?" Robin asked Aversa and Gangrel.

"Well, our whole group was kind of considered the outcasts of the Shepherds." Gangrel replied.

"We didn't know we were Shepherds, so that kind of explains how we saw things."

"What do you mean, 'your whole group?'" Robin asked.

"It was a group formed by myself, Aversa, Walhart, Yen'fay, Priam and, strangely, Emmeryn." Gangrel explained.

"It would be considered by historians in centuries to come the beginning of my return." Walhart commented.

"...For the record, I'm now glad we never had you cook at the barbecues." Aversa commented.

"I'll ask Emmeryn why she hung out with your lot when I call her in." Robin sighed. "Now, get out of my office before I fire blast you." Robin paused. "Gangrel, how did you even get in the kingdom without getting lynched?"

"It was very difficult." Gangrel replied. "And I would prefer it in the future if you would only call me to the kingdom if you absolutely need to."

"You don't tell me what to do!" Robin exclaimed. "You're the Burger King's gothic brother!"

Gangrel groaned in annoyance, and walked out of the office.

"Bye bye, big brother!" Aversa said, in a strangely perky voice.

"Umm...bye?" Robin said, as his 'little sister' left the office.

He looked at Walhart, who was trotting around the room on his horse.

"Anything else you want to add, Walhart?" He asked.

"Nothing." The man responded. "My horse is simply examining his future master bedroom." He patted the horse under him.

"...Do you mean 'stable?'" Robin asked.

"No." Walhart replied, and, after his horse took a dump, he rode out of the room.

"...Just three more." Robin said to himself. "Three more and you're done. What's the worst that can happen?"

Walhart was harder to write then I though he would be.I'm trying to have him be large, imposing and formal, but also pretty nuts as well.

Kind of funny how, out of everybody there, Gangrel wound up being the straight man. I kinda like how remorseful he is in some of his supports.

Up next: Emmeryn!

Chapter 40: Emmeryn

This didn't really come out great, and the way Robin generally acts in this chapter is how I felt writing it.

Robin looked at the woman seated across from him. He sighed to himself.

This was going to be awkward.

"Emmeryn," He said. "I'm not entirely sure why you fought for us in the first place."

"I'm...sorry." The former Exalt looked down.

"I don't mean that like as a bad thing!" Robin exclaimed. "What I mean is that, well, you jumped off a cliff! And we found you! Alive! That's a good thing! And Chrom and Lissa and all of them were really happy!" Robin scratched the back of his head. "I mean, I guess I was, too, but we didn't really know each other that well. I was a bit mess up after your death, but only because I was running through the event in my head, trying to see where I made mistakes." He grinned at Emmeryn. "The good news is that your fall wasn't my fault! In fact, it gave us a huge tactical advantage!"

Emmeryn looked at him, confused. "...Thank...you?"

Robin face fell. "Oh, no. I was rambling. That sounded way worse than I meant it to. What I'm trying to say is you are really important to Chrom, so I was surprised when he told me you were considered one of the Shepherds. That meant that we could use you for battles. That's insane. The only profit I could see from that is people thinking Chrom runs a zombie army, seeing the dead fighting for him!" Robin exclaimed. "Although, by the time you joined us, we were pretty much fighting dead Risin exclusively, so they can't really spread the story." He commented.

"Um...What?" Emmeryn asked.

"Right. I haven't really gotten to the point." Robin commented. "I'm surprised Chrom didn't ship you off somewhere safe after we found you. I'm even more surprised that he let you fight for us. What can you do, anyway?" He asked gently.

"...Heal…" She said softly.

"..." Robin looked at her with a strained expression. *Don't be a dick don't be a dick don't be a dick*, He thought to himself.

"Emm," Robin said carefully, "I'm afraid...we prefer our healers to...have more skills."

"So...I'm not...needed?" She asked sadly.

"Not by the Shepherds, but I'm sure you can do your own thing." Robin replied. "What, you're with Priam now, right? He's watching out for you?"

"Yes...Priam…" She said, closing her eyes and smiling. "Strong...kind...love…"

"...For Naga's sake, you can't leave two Shepherds without them hooking up or something!" Robin exclaimed. "You and Priam, Lissa and Frederick, Henry and Nowi, pretty much every married couple in the Shepherds- Oh God, I did that." Robin realized.

"What…?" Emmeryn asked.

"I would pair Shepherds off for strategic reasons." Robin explained. "Frederick could protect Lissa while she healed people. Sumia could bring Chrom across great distances. Hell, I fought alongside Lucina because I was used to fighting alongside Chrom and, since Lucina was there, Chrom could do other stuff...All those people got married."

"That's...how people connect…" Emmeryn commented. "They...spend time...together...Fall in love...Coincidence…"

Robin smiled at the former Exalt. "You're right. That's just kinda how it works." He sighed. "So, do you understand why I'm letting you go?"

"I...suppose…" She responded.

"Good." Robin responded. Emmeryn got up and slowly left the room.

"...Hopefully Chrom can deal with the Priam thing." He said to himself. "If he goes after it the same way he went after me

with the whole Lucina thing…" He paused. "Well, Priam is bigger than me, so he might be able to put up a fight."

You can't be mean to Emmeryn, especially post-fall Emmeryn! There isn't any comedy in there!

Up next: Yen'fay!

Chapter 41: Yen'fay

Out of the few characters I had left, Yen'fay was the only one left who I had trouble thinking of a voice for. Hopefully this will hold you over to my more premeditated stuff.

"...Wait, where did you come from?" Robin asked the swordsman.

"You summoned me." Yen'fay responded.

"But you...disappeared after the war." Robin said. He pulled out a piece of paper. "This is from the wiki- 'Yen'fay vanished like the mist, never to be seen again. Some say he returned to the Outrealm whence he came, but none were able to witness the great swordsman's departure.'"

"...What is a wiki?" Yen'fay asked.

"Well, I suppose it's from the game, but I got it off of the wiki." Robin continued. "Point is, you haven't been around. Why did you come back now?"

"Because you summoned me." He repeated.

"I don't even know how I got in contact with you." Robin admitted. "I'm sure I meant to but, if you were in the Outrealm, it was probably impossible."

"My exile was self-imposed." Yen'fay responded. "However, given that we appear not to be in any wars, this must be important. What is the dire issue that you need to inform me of?"

Robin sat there in an awkward silence as Yen'fay patiently waited for him to explain.

"..." Robin fidgeted.

"..." Yen'fay coughed.

"...You're...You're from Lucina's future, right?" Robin asked awkwardly.

"Yes." Yen'fay responded. "Is that why you summoned me? Lucina wishes to meet with all of those from her timeline?"

"No." Robin responded. "I was just curious. I suppose that explains why Saysa doesn't have a future child, given your backstory."

"...Say'ri. You speak of Say'ri." Yen'fay commented. "Why did you say her name so strangely?"

"I think it's a running gag." Robin responded. "Anyway, how is she?"

"That did not answer my…" Yen'fay sighed. "Say'ri is fine. I took a chance to visit her in Chon'sin before I came here."

"That's...pretty out of the way." Robin commented.

"I have my ways." Yen'fay simply responded, then continued his story before Robin could reply. "Say'ri is fine. She is watching over our homeland with the grace and command I would expect from her." He paused. "...What do you make of...Kellem?"

"Kellem?" Robin asked. "You mean the Shepherd Kellem?"

"Is there any other?" Yen'fay responded.

"I would assume." Robin responded. "How do I know if 'Kellem' is a common name around here? Amnesia, remember?"

"I wouldn't know." Yen'fay responded.

"Right, you were late to the game." Robin commented. "Anyway, Kellem's great! He's nice, sometimes useful, has a bit of a sad wit to him. He's easy to overlook, and uses that to his advantage...Great might not be the best word. Why do you ask?"

"I...saw him in Chon'sin." Yen'fay replied.

"Now, why would he be in Chon'sin?" Robin thought out loud. "He said he was going to walk the land, messing with people. However, he could get all his kicks messing with people in Ylisse, so no reason to make the trip." He paused. "Unless...he was making the trip to-"

"I believe he is romantically seeing my sister." Yen'fay interrupted Robin.

"Hey!" Robin exclaimed angrily. "I wanted to figure it out on my own! I'm a master tactician!"

"I did not wish to sit through your deduction." Yen'fay responded.

"I already figured it out." Robin commented.

Yen'fay raised an eyebrow. "How so?"

"I was explaining how." Robin responded.

"...You are smarter than you let on." Yen'fay commented.

"I'm exactly as smart as I let on to be." Robin said. "I think faster than I let on."

"If you had already figured it out, why did you feel the need to explain it?" Yen'fay asked.

"Well, what good is keeping stuff in your head if nobody can see it?" Robin smirked.

Yen'fay wasn't sure how to respond to that, so he decided to change the subject. "...Can I trust the knight around my sister?"

"I don't know if Kellem is a knight." Robin commented, as he opened up his desk draw. "I should check the wiki…"

"I question his character, not his rank." Yen'fay clarified.

"Oh." Robin said. "Well, you're good, then. He's a good guy. Quiet. Nice. Probably hung like a racehorse. Your sister's in good hands."

"...I assume that is the most reassuring you can be." Yen'fay sighed. "You never told me why you summoned me here."

"Oh yeah." Robin said. "You're fired."

"...And?" Yen'fay asked.

"That's it." Robin clarified. "You are no longer part of the Shepherds."

"I was never part of your group." Yen'fay responded. "I swore my blade to my sister. I help you out by extension."

"Yeah, well, we no longer need the blade of you or your sister." Robin replied.

"I was also under the impression that Say'ri was not a member of the Shepherds." Yen'fay elaborated.

"I don't really know if she was." Robin responded. "I'm starting to realize that dedication to our group varies from person to person."

"Would it not be easier to just assume nobody cares?" Yen'fay asked.

"Maybe, but where's the fun in that?" Robin asked.

"...You are a strange man." Yen'fay said. "This was still a waste of my time."

"Did you have to travel far from wherever in the Outrealm you were?" Robin asked.

"...I may have spent my time at the beach one." Yen'fay admitted.

"I was going to ask you about that tan." Robin commented. "Well, go do whatever you do with your time. I don't really care."

Yen'fay nodded, and left Robin's office.

"...I would have told him his armor was stupid, but he actually terrifies me." Robin admitted. "He's too quiet. Who know's

what he's up to…"

Only one more before what can best be described as the closure. If you want a hint on what the last main part of the story is going to be like, look up "Ex-Men: Magneto" from The Pete Holmes Show. That series is what this story was based off of, so naturally it reflects how I'm going to end it.

Also, one review asked if I was going to do a Q&A after, which seems like a fun idea. I assume they meant character Q&A, but I'll also answer any questions. The character ones will be more fun to write, however. I would kinda see it as more of a "question/prompt" situation.

Also, one of the fics that I think I will spin-off out of this is a short collection of stories revolving around Robin/Lucina. I've only really dabbled in relationship writing, so it could be fun. It's going to be a part of this continuity, as will most of my Fire Emblem related stuff, so look out for that.

Up next: Priam!

Chapter 42: Priam

This is now one of my favorite chapters.

"Shit...That sword's seen better days." Robin commented.

Priam grinned, as he held up Ragnell. "Indeed! It is the great sword used by Ike! Despite it's outward appearance, it retains it's might in battle!"

"Well, I suppose it probably got pretty worn out, smashing into plumbers and other Smash Brothers." Robin commented. "Still waiting on my invite for that…"

"I know not of these 'plumbers' you speak of." Priam commented. "However, I have been told by word of mouth of warriors from different dimensions my ancestors fought! The Murderer in Red! The Green Knight! The Pink Horror! The Orange Baroness! The Yellow Spark! The Blue Blur!"

"...Much as I would like to see you continue…" Robin paused. "...Actually, fuck it. We can do what we want. Do every Smasher Ike fought."

"With pleasure!" Priam exclaimed. "The Flaming Nut! The Hammer King! The Introverted Warlock! The MetaKnight! The Commander of Nature! The Warrior Angel! The Beast Tamer, who commanded his beasts, The Shelled River, The Fearsome Flower, and The Normal Dragon! The Fat Dasterd! The Turtle Dragon! The Killer Kong! The Hounding Fox! The Frozen Two! The Thorned Peach! The Reptilian Steed! The Ninja Princess! The Flaming Captain! The Sharp Hawk! The Dark Lord! The Sleeping Siren! The Magic Hound! The Mean, Lean Green! The Flat Demon! The Wise Child! Robert! The Monstrous Snake! The Child of Winds! The Wolf! The Trained One! The Metal Man! The Commoner! The Queen of the Sky! The Pint Punch! The Green Ninja! And, last but not least, The Hero King, Marth! And others that have yet to be confirmed!"

"Very nice." Robin said, clapping. "Nobody's going to get anything special for naming all of those, but I'm just glad it exists. Speaking of blurring the fourth wall, before we talk about any issues I have with you, can we talk about how inane your existence it, on an advertising level?"

"Very well!" Priam exclaimed. "What is your problem with my character?"

Robin paused for a second, thrown off by Priam's fourth wall awareness. "...Yes. Anyway, My issue is with how much you are a product of Ike's popularity. When people here that there is a 'Wielder of Ragnell' in Awakening, their first thought is going to be of Ike."

"Oh." Priam said. "So what you're saying is that I'm a cheap marketing ploy?"

"Yup." Robin replied.

"I understand." Priam said, before pausing. "By the way, did you hear Marth was in Awakening?"

"...Oh." Robin muttered.

"Indeed! He's on the box cover and everything! I mean, he's wearing a strange mask, but it's obviously him!" Priam continued.

"I get your point." Robin said.

"A companion of mine even played the first chapters of the game, and it turns out the name of that character is Marth! Truly Nintendo has heard the call of the fans!" Priam exclaimed.

"You can stop now." Robin said, annoyed.

"What's that? It's not Marth? It's some random girl? Worry not! You can still have the Hero King himself join your ranks! You just need to pay a fee to download the extra content!"

"Ok! Ok! I see what you mean!" Robin exclaimed. "Lucina's kinda worse! However, at least she was relevant to the story!"

"Are you not familiar to the concept of a secret character?" Priam asked.

"...Screw it. Put the fourth wall back up. I know when I'm beat." Robin muttered.

"A glorious victory!" Priam exclaimed. "Now, would you care to inform me why I am here?"

"I'm firing you." Robin said. "I would make up some vague reason, but you're the last one and I just want to be done."

"Understood!" Priam exclaimed. "This must be a great loss for you. It is truly a sad day to be a Shepherd!"

"Well," Robin said. "I think Chrom and I are the only Shepherds left." He paused. "Speaking of which, what the hell are you doing with Emmeryn?"

"Ah, yes!" Priam exclaimed. "A love story for the ages! I was charged with protecting her, and slowly we fell for one another. I, her grace, kindness, and beauty! She, my strength, honor, and my long, hard-"

"Don't say it." Robin quickly said.

"-blade!" Priam exclaimed, once again thrusting Ragnell in the air. "Imagine the bloodline of the children we will one day have! Such a shame we did not elope during the war! We could have met a child from the future!"

"Ok, first off, that's not how it works!" Robin exclaimed. "Just because a couple got together during the war, doesn't mean they were ensured a child! There a time travel rules to that! Secondly, don't you feel bad about...doing stuff with Emm? She's...you know…" Robin struggled to find the words.

Priam narrowed his eyes. "I believe you have misjudged Emmeryn's condition. The worst of her mental damage is amnesia and a speaking disorder! Aside from those two facts, she is the same woman who gracefully ruled over this kingdom and sacrificed herself for the greater good!"

"...I suppose you're right." Robin sighed. "Still, Chrom's probably going to be pissed when he finds out. I'm still sore from our intense sparring match follow his 'approval' of my relationship with Lucina." He rubbed his arm. "That was a while ago. Hell, I died and it still hurts."

"I would gladly face any challenge put before me by the Exalt!" Priam exclaimed.

Robin sighed. "If you say so…"

Flash Forward!

"It's so nice that you two could come over!" Sumia exclaimed. She, Chrom, Robin, Lucina, Priam and Emmeryn were seated in the palace's private dining chamber.

"Indeed." Lucina commented. "It was quite a surprise to hear that you and Aunt Emmeryn got engaged."

"We are…very happy." Emmeryn said, smiling.

"I'm glad to see you starting to regain some of your speech skills." Chrom commented.

"Yes." Emmeryn said, before frowning. "No memories…"

"Well, we'll just have to make some new ones!" Priam exclaimed.

"I'm surprised Father didn't challenge Priam to a duel, considering what he did to you." Lucina whispered to Robin.

"Oh, your dad is much more devious than that." Robin replied. "Just wait for it."

"Oh!" Chrom exclaimed. "The main course it here!"

The dishes were placed in front of each of them. As the covers were removed, Priam's face fell.

"Ah, yes. A salad dinner." Chrom said, making direct eye contact with Priam. "The vegetables were in season, so Sumia decided to make an entire meal based on what was in the garden."

"No...no meat?" Priam shuddered.

"Not a cut." Chrom replied, a threatening smile on his face. "Come on, Priam. It would be rude not to eat it."

Slowly, Priam stuck a fork through a leaf on his plate. Everybody else at the table was normally eating, aside from Robin,

who was trying his best not to burst out laughing.

Priam was really fun to write.

I originally was going to expand that last bit into its own chapter, but I figured this was the last official decruitment so I just threw it in. I know I was missing a good chunk of the royal family, such as Cynthia, Morgan and Lissa, along with their respective partners, but I didn't want to throw in anybody needlessly. Also, Chrom hasn't had any scene time yet, so this was a nice way to throw him in.

And that almost all the units. It's been a fun ride. It's not over yet, but I figured I should mention that. I couldn't have imagined that such a stupid idea would become so popular.

I'm open to taking questions/prompts. They'll just be expanded onto this story.

We are missing two of the most important units in the game, however. Stay tuned, kids. Things are going to get interesting.

Chapter 43: Chrom

Guys. This is really big. It's insane. It's the explosive finale you've all been waiting for.

Let's get right into it!

"Well, Robin," Chrom said, pulling out a bottle of wine from under his desk. "I'm surprised you managed to do this. I thought it would be pretty hard to cut everybody."

"Yeah, well, maybe if you didn't hire so many Shepherds…" Robin commented. The two were lounging in Chrom's private office. It was much more lavish and fancy than Robin's, although that might be because it has sustained much less damage than Robin's office.

To be fair, less dragons barged through the window.

"Hey, you weren't complaining about having the extra units during battle!" Chrom exclaimed.

"Doesn't mean I had to like putting up with them." Robin commented.

"Aye." Chrom agreed. "I wouldn't mind not seeing Henry again."

Robin frantically hushed him. "Don't bring up the demon albino!" He exclaimed. "It seems like every time he gets mentioned something bad happens!"

Chrom raised an eyebrow. "...Well, I would assume this job was pretty stressful, but it's all over now. Now, just so you know, if anything happens, odds are I'll just call everybody back together, since I trust them as a team."

Robin looked at Chrom. "Wait. So you're telling me this was all pointless?"

"Well, not pointless." Chrom replied. "We needed to let everybody know they weren't on duty, and I figured you would be the best person to tell them. I assumed you would just send out a flyer or something."

Chrom grinned as he raised his glass to a frozen Robin. "Here's to us: the last two Shepherds!" He took a large gulp of his wine.

"..." Robin had a far off stare in his eyes. "...It's not a shield."

"What?" Chrom looked at the tactician, confused.

"The Fire Emblem." Robin clarified. "It's not...You know what?" He stood up. "Follow me."

"Why are we in your office?" Chrom asked, annoyed.

"Because this is where I work." Robin replied. "And this is work."

"What's work?" Chrom asked.

"The Fire Emblem isn't a shield." Robin said. "You took the most valuable treasure in the world, an artifact that wars have been fought over, and you were using it as a shield! That is completely and utterly irresponsible."

"I'll have you know that the Fire Emblem is indestructible!" Chrom exclaimed.

"Yeah, but it has very important, removable stones in it!" Robin exclaimed. "What would have happened if, after blocking a blow, a gem fell off? We would have to explore the entire battle field just to find a gem you stupidly lost!"

"Ok, we're talking about stupid stuff?" Chrom said. "Let's talk about stupid stuff, Mister Master Tactician! Why are you still wearing those Plegian robes? It's really stupid to go into battle dressed as the enemy! Hell, I even gave you new robes when you were promoted to Grandmaster Tactician!"

"Those were a fashion disaster and you know it! There were weird metal things sticking out of it and shit. Anyway, you're one to bring up wardrobe choices!" Robin countered. "You just keep one shoulder completely unguarded, just because it has your mark on it! You know, the thing that would point you out as a bigger target than the rest of us!"

"It shows that I'm proud of my title!" Chrom exclaimed. "And, for the record, I wore armor after I became a Grand Lord!"

"Which brings us back to the Fire Emblem." Robin said

"You had the mark of Grima on your hand for the entirety of the time you worked for us!" Chrom countered.

"To be fair, you never were that picky about who you let into the Shepherds." Robin commented. "'Some dude I found in the middle of a field? Let's put you in charge of all my soldiers! Guy who killed my sister? Let's break some bread together! Crazy sex witch? Sleep in the tents near my family! Murderous warlord? We shall accommodate for your vegan needs! Sister I thought was dead, but miraculously turned out to be alive? Get on the front lines! Random, unimportant guy with a big sword? Our next battle is literally our last one, so you can join us for roughly a week!'"

"That was only because you turned down the other options!" Chrom countered. "Remember that old man with the cards that could project heroes of old, including the freaking Hero-King?"

"They were sticky, Chrom!" Robin exclaimed. "Why were the cards sticky?! What do you think Old Hubba was doing to those cards to make them sticky? Plus, there is no way the author would pay for that DLC. He didn't even get Future Past!"

"I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about." Chrom said. "You always mention those weird things! What are you talking about?"

"Forgive me for being worried that my chief tactician might be crazy!" Chrom exclaimed.

"If you have anything bad to say about me, you should also mention that you put me in charge of the lives of your soldiers." Robin said.

"Some of your plans are reckless and put hundreds in danger! Need I remind you of the journey to Valm?" Chrom exclaimed.

"And you put me in charge of all of your soldiers." Robin countered.

"You have an incredibly shady past, including being Grima!" Chrom added.

"And you put me in charge of all of your soldiers." Robin repeated.

"You're generally difficult to be around, and tend to be an asshole!"

"And you put me in charge of all of your soldiers."

Chrom was about to retort, before stopping himself. He took a deep breath, and steadied himself.

"Look, Robin, we're both adults here." Chrom said slowly. "I'm the ruler of a nation, you're a genius tactician. Why are we bickering like children? Or an old married couple? To be honest, I'm starting to question how professional you were during these meetings. If you were just trying to press people's buttons by saying thing like-"

"I fucked your daughter."

"You're end has come!" Chrom exclaimed, leaping over the desk.

"You're finished!" Robin shouted back, ready to strike Chrom.

Hello, readers. This is a message from the Fanfiction-dot-Net administrators.

Due to the fact that, like most companies, we like money, we have decided to offer a premium version of the site.

Some parts of popular stories will be cut out, and will be offered back to you for a small price. We will inject small previews throughout this update.

"Say Uncle! Say Uncle!" Chrom exclaimed, as he held Robin in a headlock.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" Robin chirped mockingly, before biting down into Chrom's arm.

Some of the other perks include:

- No stories will go under hiatus. (Any authors who claim to put a story on hiatus has really moved their story to the premium level.)

- Fanfiction written famous authors. (We have forced J.K. Rowling to write Harry Potter smut, and George R.R. Martin was last seen lurking around the Caillou archives.)

- Butt stuff. (Self-explanatory)

"Oh, you're in for it now!" Robin exclaimed. He was standing on top of a bookshelf, holding a fire tome.

He chucked the book at Chrom's head.

Chrom duck under the book.

"Well played." Robin admitted.

We know what you're thinking.

Also, how much does this membership cost? That's a good question! Good job! We are really proud of you for asking that question!

Give us you credit card number, and you'll find out.

Robin and Chrom were standing across from each other.

Robin slapped Chrom.

Chrom slapped Robin.

Robin slapped Chrom.

Chrom slapped Robin.

Robin slapped Chrom.

Chrom slapped Robin.

We would like to mention up front that the authors will not receive any of the gains we obtain through this venture. It worked for Youtube, so it should work for us.

"Stop spamming side-B!" Robin exclaimed. He and Chrom were sitting in front of a TV, holding Wii remotes.

"It's a strategy!" Chrom exclaimed. "...Why are you using the wheel attachment?"

Robin looked at his controller.

"...TACTICAL STRIKE!" He exclaimed, throwing the remote at Chrom and running away.

Now we would like to provide you with a few reminders and updates.

The following properties have requested not to be the subject of any works written on this site:

-Russian President Vladimir Putin.

-Chris Hardwick.

-Your friends. Well, the people you know in general.

-Elk.

-Sherlock Holmes.*

"Rock! Paper! Scissors! Shoot!" The two leaders of the Shepherds exclaimed, presenting their hands.

"Hah! Paper beats rock!" Robin exclaimed.

Chrom punched Robin in the face.

We are unsure which version of Sherlock Holmes they were referring to. The name, like all of our memos, was given to us on a crumpled up piece of paper with a substance that appeared to be blood, but hopefully wasn't. Just continue as you were. If you happen to break the rule, you will be punished.

Robin and Chrom stood across from one another, on separate sides of the room. A tumbleweed would have rolled between them, were it not for the fact they were in the middle of an office in the castle of Ylisse.

They stared at one another intensely.

A bead of sweat rolled off Chrom's forehead.

Suddenly, Chrom drew his sword…

...only to be hit in the head with another book.

"Stop doing that!" Chrom exclaimed.

We would like to remind you that we are not a part of any grand world order, observing you for our own needs. We are not a part of the Templars. We are not a part of the Sheriff's Secret Police.

Robin and Chrom both hid under Robin's desk.

"Nya-ha!" Henry exclaimed happily. "I can smell your fear!"

We were recently purchased by StrexCorp, but that has nothing to do with anything.

Robin had his arms wrapped around Chrom's back, and was forcing Chrom's fist into his own face.

"Why are you hitting yourself?" Robin exclaimed. "Why are you hitting yourself? Why are you hitting yourself?"

Drink your milk.

It is from the Milkman.

His milk is delicious.

Now on to your previously scheduled story.

"Ok." Robin said, wincing as he sat back down at his desk. "Maybe that was going a little too far."

"Yeah." Chrom said, picking up the overturned chair across the desk. "It was. I get the feeling this happens a lot?" He looked around at the horribly damaged office.

"Yup" Robin exclaimed. "Although, to be fair, we did a lot more damage in one fight then all the other Shepherds did combined. A lot less feces, though."

"I suppose it was nice to get that out of our systems." Chrom added.

"Yeah!" Robin exclaimed. "I'm totally using that as my Smash Brothers audition."

"So…" Chrom said. "Now what?"

"We forget any of this ever happened?" Robin asked.

"Sure." Chrom said. "But, if your interviews went as badly as that did, then you destroyed many different relationships with other Shepherds."

"Eh." Robin shrugged. "I'm on good terms with the ones I would want to stay on good terms with. I'm not really going to be torn up about not being invited to any of Maribelle's parties."

"Oh, no you don't!" Chrom exclaimed. "You are going to eternally go as Lucina's plus-one, because there is no way in hell you are leaving me alone at those parties!"

"Damn it!" Robin muttered. "Fine. We should probably find someone to give us a quick healing. Neither of us want to go home covered in bruises."

"If Sumia or Lucina find out what happened, we'll probably both leave home in bruises." Chrom said, and he and Robin shuddered. "Not Lissa. She'll blab about it. Anna will probably make us pay."

"Would it be bad taste to suggest Emm?" Robin asked.

"Given our luck, all of her memories will probably come rushing back to her while she is healing us." Chrom said. "It will be a happy, heartfelt moment, and then she'll kick our asses when she finds out what happened."

"Right. How about Libra?" Robin asked. Chrom nodded and the two men began to walk out of the office.

"Robin," Chrom stopped Robin. "for both of our sakes, could you never again say that you've ever touched Lucina? I'm OK with you guys being married and everything. I just don't need the physical reminder. At least until baby Morgan comes along."

"Right." Robin agreed. "I think I kinda understand how you feel about that."

"Alright." Chrom said. "Let's go to church." He walked out of the office.

Robin lingered behind, looking around the office.

"You know, Chrom?" Robin said nostalgically. "I'm really gonna miss this place."

"Robin." Chrom said. "You work here. You'll probably be here tomorrow. Or, at least, a few weeks from now. It might need a few repairs."

"They know what I mean." Robin said.

Chrom sighed. "I suppose I never will."

Office destruction! Henry cameo! Weird, meta thing! Obscure references! Bickering! So much bickering!

So we finally decruited Chrom. In decruiting him, Robin decruited himself, since any flaws he has were overshadowed by how much authority Chrom gave him.

I actually like how Chrom came out this chapter. He had to come off as the kind of person who would be good friends with Robin, but more likable.

The decrutiment's may be over, but this story will still update with stuff. There are those prompts, a few loose ends in this part to tie up and...something else.

But, for now, up next: The Winner of that contest I had a while ago. Tifer's Female Avatar, Rufure!

Chapter 44: A Larger Dump Than Planned

I decided that, before I handle the fem-Robin chapter, I would do few of the prompts/questions, to show I am legit. I may have edited a few of the questions to make them translate easier, but I still retained the content. I thought I would do five, but I did a little more than that.

These are not canon unless specifically stated otherwise.

To Robin: Where the heck is your mother?

"How should I know?" Robin replied, leaning back in his chair. "I have amnesia, asshole." He poured a glass of wine. "Probably dead." He commented, taking a sip.

Chrom Plays Awakening

"This is easy." Chrom said to Robin, as he played with the 3DS. "I don't see why you're always complaining about this."

"Glad to see you're taking this potentially life changing experience as a chance to take a jab at my job." Robin commented. "Seriously, you just found out your life is a game!" He paused. "I suppose you're taking it better than others…"

"OH COME ON!" Cordelia's voice exclaimed from...somewhere. "WE DON'T EVEN HAVE SUPPORTS?!"

"Is she OK?" Chrom asked Robin.

"That's what happens when you find out your favorite ship isn't canon. She'll get better when she discovers fanfiction." Robin replied. "Back to what you were saying, it may surprise you to know that there is a bit of a difference between playing a game and fighting a war."

"Whatever." Chrom said, not looking up from his game. "I'm actually having fun! The support system is interesting. I've swapped a few around to see what I could change."

"...Chrom, I can help but notice I'm a chick in your playthrough." Robin commented.

"Yeah, I figured that would make it less weird to play as you." Chrom said. "Look at how well we work together! I'm almost done with the fight with Gangrel!"

"...You do understand the support system, right?" Robin asked, foreseeing an awkward marriage proposal ahead for Chrom.

"What?" Chrom asked. "Not really. I've just been killing stuff."

"...You're playing casual, right?" Robin asked. "Of you think you're such a master tactician, try classic."

Chrom did so.

Roughly fifteen minutes later, a 3DS went flying out of the castle window.

"You know you could have just played Mario or something. No need to be so dramatic." Robin commented.

"Shut. Up." Chrom said, walking out of the room.

"Good thing he didn't ask me if I ever beat classic." Robin muttered to himself.

To Henry: Have you ever tasted blood?

"Nay-ha!" Henry exclaimed. "Don't go down that road, pal. Really CRAW-ful things will happen to you!"

To Donnel: Can you post a pic of you in a fedora? Also tell your mom I said hi!

"Well, I would, pal, but I reckon that would mean I'd have to take off my pot!" Donnel said. "Besides, 'cording to Robin, this here is a text form, so ya'll won't be able to see a pic."

Donnel cupped his hands together. "MAN ON THE NET SAYS HI, MA!"

"You were a mistake, Donnel." A voice replied.

"Aw, shucks, Ma!" Donnel exclaimed. "I love you too!"

To Panne: Do you like carrots?

Panne looked up, carrot in her mouth. She took a Bugs Bunny-like bite. "I do not need to answer stupid man spawn questions." She continued to eat her carrot.

To Ricken: Do you like Pikachu?

Ricken held the Pikachu up to his face.

He stared at it.

It stared at him.

The Pokemon shocked the young mage with a bolt of lighting.

"...I don't think I have it in me to be a Pokemon trainer…" He mumbled, as the rat ran off.

To Maribelle: What do you think of Lissa and Frederick?

"I think the situation couldn't be better." Maribelle said. "Who better to be with my darling Lissa then a man who had dedicated his life to serving the royal family. Although I do find it strange how his dedications to the royal family tend to come out more for Chrom then Lissa." She sighed. "Seeing how he treats Lord Chrom, that actually might be for the best. I couldn't imagine having a husband that overbearing."

To Lissa: Have you ever dreamt about Frederick turned into a knight frog, you kissed him, and then he turned back into a human?

"Oh Frederick…" Lissa mumbled. "I'll help you...Although you are adorable, and I think it'd be funny to put you down Robin's shirt, I have to kiss you to turn you back..."

"Lissa?"

Lissa slowly began to open her eyes. She looked up at her husband.

"Oh...Hi, Frederick...I had a dream you were a frog…"

"I believe I might know why." The knight commented, pointing at his wife and their bed.

Lissa looked down at the bed she was in.

"...EKK!" SHe exclaimed, jumping out of the bed. "Where did all these frogs come from?!"

Frederick's hand moved to point at the window to their bedroom.

Standing triumphantly on the window was none other than…

"Nowi?!" The princess exclaimed. "We had a treaty!"

"PRANK WAR!" The manakete exclaimed, as she fell backwards out of the window and transformed into a dragon midair. She flew off into the distance.

"...Frederick." Lissa said, a dark look on her face. "There shall be no sleep tonight. Only revenge."

"Yes, my dear." Frederick, fully aware she would be asleep in the next hour.

Who was in the picture Robin showed Lon'qu?

"Hold on." Robin said, pulling out the picture. "I don't know. I bought it off of a guy down town. She looks familiar, however." He narrowed his eyes.

"Wait a minute…" His eyes suddenly widened.

"MOM?!"

In order

1) NOT CANON I DO WHAT I WANT

2) It's actually kinda interesting. I was thinking about how the Smash Brothers sequel to this story would work(I already know what I'll do with some of the characters, and I love it.) The way the characters are aware they are part of the game will be what all the characters are aware of in the sequel. Still, Robin has to have a leg up on them, so he'll be the only one to break the fourth wall and be aware he's in a fanfiction.

3) Henry is probably trustworthy.

4) Don't ask about Donnel's home life. It's probably fine.

5-7) Just following random prompts

8) Strange one, but I figured I could make it work. This could be canon. I'll decide that later.

9)NOT CANON I DO WHAT I WANT

Remember, you can let me know about any prompts or character questions you have.

I might try to do a prompt dump between the me-planned updates. So we'll have Fem-Avatar next.

Chapter 45: Rufure, a Female Avater

Here the female Avatar chapter! I used the avatar of the contest winner, Tifer, from that thing I did way back in Say'ri's chapter. Hopefully I made it easy enough to enjoy without knowing the character.

"Why not just use all three of them?" Robin said to himself as he opened the door to his office. "Sure, they'd all die, but it would be cool as shit...Maybe he didn't really think it through."

He suddenly noticed there was somebody already at his desk.

A girl was cheerily sitting on his side of the desk, humming a tone to herself. She had rusty-red hair, which was braided into a ponytail, and bangs parted to the right side of her face.

The thing about her that stood out to Robin was that she was pretty much wearing the exact same thing he was.

"Oh, hell." He said. "You're not another one, are you?"

The girl looked up. "Oh!' She exclaimed in a perky tone. "Hello! I'm Rufure!"

"Why are you doing at my desk?" Robin asked. "How did you even get in here?"

Rufure shrugged. "I don't know, but I'm pretty sure this is my desk."

"You don't remember how you got in here?" Robin asked. If she was a spy or something, she was doing a really horrible job at it.

"No...I don't…" Her eyes widened. "That's bad, right? How did I…" She paused, blinked, then smiled. "Hello! I'm Rufure!"

"...What?" Robin said, confused. "You...you're still at my desk."

"Huh?" She looked down. "OK!" She stood up, and sat on the other side of the desk. "There you go, Mister…"

"Robin. And I assume you have amnesia?" He said.

"I've been told I have a bit of a short-term memory problem, but I think it's manageable!" She exclaimed.

"You're not from the future, are you?" Robin asked.

"What do you mean?" Rufure asked.

"It's just that, the last time a girl with amnesia dressed as me showed up, she wound up being my daughter from the future." Robin paused. "Although, given your hair color, I might be in a bit of trouble if that's the case."

"You might be my dad?" Rufure asked, her eyes widening. "But my dad's Validar! And you said I was from your future...Are you Validar?!" She pointed an accusing finger at Robin.

"What? No, that's gross!" Robin exclaimed. "You said your father was Validar? That might make us...siblings!"

"Really?!" She exclaimed. "But why can't I remember…" She paused again, blinked, and smiled at Robin. "Hello! I'm Rufure!"

"Man, I thought I had it bad with the memory loss…" Robin said.

"You know about my memory loss?" Rufure asked. "Chrom says it only really applies to short-term stuff. Although I seem to remember everything during battles. I guess it would be bad for the Ylissian Tactician to forget who she was in the middle of a battle!"

"...Did that dasterd seriously go behind my back and hire a new tactician?" Robin muttered.

"Actually, I've always been-"

"Quick sidebar:" Robin interrupted her. "Can we talk about how stupid the work 'dasterd' is? I get that Nintendo might have tried to avoid getting in trouble for language, but you already have plenty of naughty words in the game! If you wanted to make up a new curse word, at least make up something more creative than an existing word with the first letter flipped over!" He took a deep breath and looked at Rufure. "You were saying?"

"...I've always been the Shepherds tactician, since Chrom found me in the middle of the field." Rufure commented.

"...Chrom found me in the middle of a field." Robin said suspiciously. "Tell me, how many wars did you help him fight?"

"Well, I helped him fight Gangrel, who as mean, then Walhart, who was worse, than Grima, which was…complicated." Rufure grimaced.

"Right…" Robin mumbled, thinking to himself. "Rufure, I'm going to ask you a bit of a personal question."

"Neat-o!" She said.

"Have you ever been Grima, the Fell Dragon?" Robin asked cautiously.

"...You won't get mad, will you?" She asked shyly.

"You have, haven't you…" Robin muttered. "...Rufure, can I see your hands?"

"Ok…" She shrugged, extending her unmarked hands.

"So you decided to kill Grima yourself?" Robin asked.

"Yeah…" She said. "Why do you know so much about that?"

"Rufure." Robin said. "I have a theory, and it might sound strange, but just hear me out: I think that we might be the same person, but from different dimensions."

"Oh, that would make sense." Rufure smiled. "After all, my first name is Robin. Rufure's my middle name."

"...What?" Robin asked.

"Yeah, I just go by Rufure because Robin is kind of a stupid name." Rufure admitted.

"...Backhanded insult aside, do you realize how fascinating this is?" Robin asked. "We could compare the subtle to major difference between our different timelines!"

There was a pause.

"...So did you marry Chrom?" Robin asked.

"Why are you assuming I'd marry Chrom?" Rufure asked.

"Well, given how much time I spend with him, and how close we are as friends, I figure that, if I was a girl, I would end up with him."

"No...I have a policy about seeing people naked before marriage." She said.

"What?" Robin asked, confused.

"Anyway, it sounds like you've given this some thought." Rufure commented. "Who did you marry?"

"Lucina." Robin replied.

"Lucina? As in 'Looks-like-a-girl-version-of-her-father' Lucina?" Rufure asked, raising an eyebrow.

"...She looks more like a girl version of Marth…" Robin muttered. "And shut up! Who did you marry?"

"I married my darling husband…" Rufure sighed dreamily. "Henry…" She smiled.

"Henry?!" Robin exclaimed. "As in 'I-never-ate-a-baby-but-ask-me-about-other-small-animals-I've-eaten-raw' Henry?!"

"Yup!" She smiled. "He's such a charmer!"

"A charmer?" Robin questioned. "He's the Ramsay Bolton of the army!"

"I know!" She sighed dreamily. "He's so passionate!"

"How...How are you even able to live with him?!" Robin exclaimed.

"Oh, I have scars, but so does he." Rufure clarified. "Things get a bit wild, if you catch my drift!"

"I didn't even ask you about your sex life!" Robin exclaimed.

"I'm just saying, you can't make a Morgan without drawing a little blood!" She commented.

"I'll admit my daughter can have her...evil moments, but I don't want to think about how she would turn out if she was your daughter!" Robin exclaimed.

"...Morgan's a boy." Rufure said.

"Of course your Morgan is a boy." Robin said. "Why wouldn't he be?"

"Speaking of Morgan, he was with me a while ago." Rufure said. "I wonder where he…" She paused, blinked, and smiled. "Hello! I'm Rufure!"

Robin just stared at her plainly. "...You can just go. I don't want to deal with this."

"Ok!" Rufure exclaimed, skipping out of the office. "Goodbye, Robin!"

"Huh. She remembered my name." Robin muttered to himself. "I wonder if that other Morgan is going to be a problem. I should look into that…"

You can probably guess who I'm doing next.

So, a quick update for those of you who care: Right now, I'm planning on writing a short series of stories called 'Fixer Upper' about Robin and Lucina's relationship. That will certainly be its own independent story, so keep an eye out for that.

For my Smash Brothers sequel to this story, I have a premise that revolves around Robin not being confirmed for the game. If he is, I'll have to reconsider this a bit. I'm once again taking inspiration from the Pete Holmes Show. There is a series of shorts on the show called 'Street Fighter: Red Tape', in which Holmes plays the Street Fighter PR guy. That's the direction I'm going with this. Robin would be the PR guy of the Smash Brothers. I even have a cute little office design for him, which makes me wish I could draw.

Right now, my only problem I have with that is placement. I doubt the Smash Brothers/Fire Emblem crossover section is obscure, but I also think I could get away with putting it in the Smash Brother section. The only Fire Emblem characters that have main roles are Robin and Lucina, and they could stand on their own without knowing where they came from. Since they're Nintendo, technically, I think it will be OK.

Finally, I'm debating whether to turn an upcoming change in this story to its own story. It's going to have a few serious points, given the subject, so I don't know if posting it under this comedic story would be fair. On the other hand, you would need context from this story to understand some of it. I'll post the introducing bits into this story when I get to them and see the reaction.

I'll do some prompts and questions next chapter, so send them if you have them. I do what I like.

Chapter 46: Dastardly Dump

This story has gotten over 100,000 views. That is really badass and I want to thank all of you for that!

You do know "Dastard" is a real word, right?

"Well, I do now." Robin said. "Although, to be fair, when was the last time you ever actually heard the word "dastard?"' He paused. "...Is any of you smartasses say 'Fire Emblem' I will hurt you in ways only a fictional character can. For that matter, when was the last time you saw it used as much as it is in this game? I get that it's a real word, but that doesn't mean it's a common word. It's like if everybody started using the word 'regurgitate' more. You would notice." He rubbed his forehead, sighing. "Sheesh, Naga forbid you say something wrong on the internet."

To Chrom, what do you actually do? It seems like Robin does most of the work.

"Oh, no no no!" Chrom exclaimed, waving his hands in front of him. "Robin does NOT do everything! Naga forbid! If Robin did the things I had to do, do you know how fast he would cause a diplomatic incident?"

"I wouldn't be that bad!" Robin countered. "I'm super classy! Master Tactician, remember?"

"Remember what you said to that diplomat at that ball we held between the wars?" Chrom asked. "Do you have any idea how much we had to negotiate that away?"

"How was I suppose to know he didn't read the books?!" Robin exclaimed.

To Libra, could you paint a picture of Donnel?

"Donnel, you understand that this is an important portrait, right?" Libra asked the farmer, who was posing across from him.

"Yup!" Donnel replied.

"This is going to be your official knightly portrait. Historians will look back on it as they read through each of your great deeds, so it must be an image that portrays that." Libra elaborated.

"Sure!" Donnel replied.

"People already travel great distances to see the portrait of Frederick, among other things." Libra explained further.

"Golly, Libra! I know this is a big deal!" Donnel happily exclaimed.

"...If you did, then you would understand why I ask you to take. Off. The. Pot." Libra stated, annoyance in his voice.

"Aww, but Libra, I like my pot!" Donnel exclaimed.

"Donnel, you have to look professional." Libra elaborated. "This is an important piece of art. This is going to be how people remember you ages from now. Do you truly want your legacy to be marred by a piece of cooking equipment?"

"It's a really nice pot!" Donnel retorted.

"I'm not arguing the quality of the pot. I am merely suggesting that it would not be found in a portrait of a famous knight hung in the halls of the castle." Libra calmly responded.

"I don't want folks seeing my hair!" Donnel exclaimed

"I'm sure your hair is fine." Libra said.

"What do y'all know about hair?" Donnel asked.

"Plenty." Libra replied, flipping back his beautiful head of hair.

"...Fine." Donnel sighed, taking off the pot. "But it gets to be in the background."

"Naturally." Libra said. "I like to think of historians in the future debating the reason for the pot in your famous painting, not realizing that, for some reason, you always wore it. Imagine the papers written on the subject." Libra snickered, uncharacteristically.

To Yarne, YOU'RE SO FLUFFY I'M GONNA DIE!

"M-MORGAN! HOW DID YOU GET A QUESTION IN?!"

"SO SOFT AND CUDDLY!"

"MORGAN! We're engaged! You should act more mature about this!"

"Oh, you're being forward. I like that!"

"W-W-What?! N-No, I-I didn't mean it like-AHH!"

To Tiki, Did you enjoy eating that tree?

"No." Tiki said plainly, an annoyed look on her face. "And I found out that the being I was speaking to that day wasn't Naga. She told me herself when I prayed to her afterward. In hindsight, I'm not entirely sure how I was tricked. Just know that, if I ever find whoever tricked me, I will make them pay. *Painfully*."

The army discovers all their marriages were orchestrated by Robin

"Hold on a second!" Robin exclaimed. "I didn't orchestrate anything! I let it all happen naturally!" He paused. "...Although I may have reassigned Panne and Rickon when I noticed how close they were getting. I...just kinda thought it was weird. I probably could have done the same to Henry and Nowi, but I just kinda figured I'd let Henry do what he wanted. Besides, how was I suppose to know a bunch of children would come from the future?"

To Cynthia, How does "Pega-Pony Princess Punch" sound?

"Cool!" Cynthia exclaimed. "Although naming attacks is kinda more of Owain's thing. I'm more of an entrance gal. Let's try it out...PEGA-PONY PRINCESS PUNCH!" She closed her eyes and punched the air in front of her…

"AHH!"

"Oh no! Lucy!"

"Cynthia! What are you doing?!"

"I was trying out a new move! Are you OK?"

"I'll...be better. It might help if my *loving husband* would take a second to stop laughing."

"It's….ha...it's just...it was so funny the first time…hehe…"

To Libra, Now paint Gaius!

"I just want to make sure I understand you. You want me to paint you."

"Yup."

"And you want me to use this special paint."

"Yup."

"That's really some sort of candy based concoction you created."

"Yup."

"And, when I'm done painting, you wish to...eat it."

"Yup. Wanna know what I taste like."

"...You understand how long it takes to paint somebody, correct?"

"All I know is that this is something I need in my life. Now how should I pose?"

"...I'm going to leave."

---

1) Robin's response is much more snarky then my personal response. In hindsight, I probably should have looked it up or something, but I just thought the joke was pretty good. Given that I know the word "dastardly' I probably should have made the connection. Robin has a point: when's the last time you heard someone say the word dastard? I think I might make an effort to use it more!

2) Robin is that asshole.

3 and 8) Part of the same question, but I figured I'd divide it into two different parts.

4) someone requested seeing Morgan try to break the fourth wall, and this is kinda like that. I'll still do that one, though.

5) This is why I will never do a self-insert. Sorry folks. Asleep is pretty good, if you want that kind of thing.

6) Based off of something I did in-game.

7) Allusion to Sumia's famous punch!

Up next: Morgan, but a boy.

Chapter 47: Morgan, but a boy

This wasn't part of the contest, but It was an idea I wanted to write, so I just used Rufure as a Female Avatar reference.

"Have you seen my mother?" The white-haired boy wearing a tactician's coat asked, as Robin walked into his office. The boy, unlike his last intruder, was sitting on the guest side of his desk.

"...So I guess we're going right into this then." Robin sighed. "I think you might be lost, kid."

"I'm not lost!" The boy protested. "This is mother's office! Mother is supposed to be here!"

"If you're who I think you are, you just missed her." Robin said. "Sit down, though. I want to see how you turned out."

"What do you mean?" The boy asked, sitting down. "Are you connected to Mother in some way? Do you know stuff about her that I don't? I doubt that. I know everything about Mother. I know her favorite color, reading position, reading pace, her blood type, her heart beat pattern, her favorite tea, book, weapon, spell, kill, tactic, flower-"

"Ok, ok!" Robin exclaimed. "I didn't even ask about your mother! Naga, my Morgan isn't this bad. I don't think she gushes about me to complete strangers."

"How did you know my name was Morgan?" Morgan asked. "Did Mother tell you? Did she tell you all about me?"

"She mentioned you in passing." Robin plainly told the boy. "Why are you so desperate to find your mother, anyway?"

"Because I love her!" Morgan exclaimed. "She's smart and beautiful and she has to tuck me in at night!"

"...What?" Robin asked.

"Mother has to tuck me in at night!" The boy exclaimed. "She reads me a few pages out of a tactics book and tucks me in! I have to find her! I haven't been able to sleep in days!"

"...I don't think the readers are going to understand how weird this is, seeing that the text keeps referring to you as a 'boy.' Change that."

"What are you talking about?" The young man asked.

"Much better." Robin said. "You're not a boy. You're around the age of, if not the exact age of, my daughter."

"So?" Morgan asked.

"My daughter, who is now engaged and in the process of moving out." Robin sighed.

"Hey! I have a girlfriend!" Morgan exclaimed.

"Let me guess: She's the second most beautiful woman you've ever seen." Robin commented.

"Third, actually!" Morgan replied. "This one time, there were two versions of my mother. Time travel is tricky, but I'd say that counts as another woman!"

"...I'd make fun of you about that, but even I, in my egotistic glory, have to admit that my Grima double was the second most attractive man I'd ever seen." Robin grumbled. "Stupid, sexy Libra…"

Morgan looked at Robin, confused. "Wait, how are you-"

"Try not to think about it." Robin told the other, younger tactician. "You're a bit of a godsend. I was worried about my daughter drifting away from me, and you've shown me how much worse it could actually be."

"What do you mean?" Morgan asked. "Is Mother disappointed in me? What did I do?!"

"...Just being around you is sad." Robin said. "...Hold on a second." He stood up. "I'm going to get an expert opinion."

"Really?" Morgan asked. "Who?"

"Really, if I wanted to ask somebody with mommy issues, I could literally ask any of the time travel dysfunction junction." Robin replied. "With your case, however, I know someone who might be able to help you."

"Sometimes, when I'm sad, I just think about what Mother smells like, and I feel better!" Morgan exclaimed.

"...Just being around you is sad." Morgan said.

"That's what I said!" Robin exclaimed to his daughter.

"Why is it sad?" Morgan asked. "I just really love my mother! Is there anything wrong with that?"

"Listen, white-head." Morgan said. "I understand your situation. Really, I do. You have a parent that's super awesome, and you want to be just like them. That's cool. You can live with that. The problem is that it seems to be the only thing you talk about. Imagine if all I ever talked about was you, father."

"That would be pretty annoying." Robin admitted.

"I don't talk about Mother all the time!" Morgan exclaimed.

"Literally everything you've said has somehow been connected to your mother!" Robin exclaimed.

"Well, that's because everything is connected to Mother!" Morgan retorted.

"Mother is love. Mother is life." Robin muttered to himself.

"What?" Both Morgans ask.

"Don't worry about it." Robin replied. "Go back to your pow-wow."

His daughter sighed. "Ok. Morgan, I want you to have a conversation with me and not mention your mother."

"But it wouldn't really be much of a conversation without mentioning Mother." Morgan replied.

"Humor me." Morgan said, annoyance in her voice.

"Alright." He paused. "Um...you have a nice hair color."

"Oh! Thank you." Morgan smiled.

The other Morgan grinned, excited at the positive response. "Yeah! It's just like my girlfriend's hair!" He exclaimed. "Sometimes, when I see someone with nice hair, I pull out my lock of Mother's hair and compare it!" He began to shuffle through his pockets.

"Just like his girlfriend's…" Robin muttered under his breath.

"And you just ruined it." Morgan responded.

"Look, Buster." Robin said. "This has been...interesting. Everything about you seems to scream borderline Oedipus Complex. You should probably leave before this gets even weirder." Robin ushered Morgan toward the door.

"But I never found Mother!" Morgan exclaimed.

"I really don't give a shit." Robin replied bluntly.

"Father, I don't feel great leaving him on his own." Morgan commented. "Who know's if he can take care of himself!"

"I'm an adult!" Morgan exclaimed, as Robin pushed him toward the door. "I am a mature young man who just wants his Mommy!"

Suddenly, the door opened.

"Robin? Morgan?" Lucina said. "I was looking for you two. I was wondering if-"

"Lucina!" Morgan exclaimed. "My love! Have you seen Mother?"

"..."

"...What…"

"...And it just got weird." Robin said, kicking Morgan out of his office.

This wasn't really a parody of how male Morgan appeared in the game. It was more of a parody of how he appears in the fandom. Tumblr, I'm looking at you.

For the record, I'm probably going to write an individual chapter involving antics with the two Morgans. I have a fun idea.

Since I kinda recommended Asleep, by Gone2Groundex, last chapter, you want to know what story's good? Daydreams and Nightmares, by lambentLodestar. I was kinda iffy with it at first, but I really like it. The thing about those two stories is that they take their premise and run it to its logical extremes. In Asleep, the main character is in the FE world 24/7, and he has to with the emotions of leaving home behind. Meanwhile, D&N is about someone living between the two different worlds, and the stress of that. Also, they use real conflict, likely from their own lives,to enhance the plot. That's pretty brave. I'd feel pretty iffy about that, since, when it's done wrong, it's done REALLY wrong. When it's done right, it gives the self-inserts more depth. It's done really right in these stories.

I should probably put that in a review or something...I don't know, I kinda like to gush about stuff. So read those stories after you read my goofy little story.

Chapter 48: Smash Dump

This one only has two questions, but I think it's OK.

General question: Who do you main in Brawl?

"I mainly use Marth." Robin said. "Don't say it's a subliminal thing! It just fits my fighting style. Although, I would say that all of us here are a little bias..."

"I also use Marth. Respect my ancestors!"

"Me too! I'm his descendant, too!"

"Indeed, I also use him, in respect to the royal family."

"Yeah! He's kickass!"

"Indeed, I enjoy his sense of elegance."

"Yeah, he's cool!"

"He is logistically the logical choice."

"I could play as anyone, but Teach prefers Vaike!"

"I actually like playing as Marth. I loved reading stories about him when I was growing up!"

"Me too...but I guess no one cares…"

"...Marth."

"I too prefer Marth, from a control standpoint. I relate more to Peach, although she could do with a bit more class. Using her underlings to block attacks? Fighting with her behind? How unladylike!"

"Marth is so cool!"

"It's pretty sweet, playing as him."

"The manspawn Hero-King is interesting to control in the simulation."

"They say playing as Marth is cheap. Well, I'm always up for a discount!"

"I like playing as Marth." *One step closer to Chrom…*

"Yee-haw! I reckon Marth is a great choice!"

"Yeah! Marth is cool! I love playing games!"

"Gregor not one for games, but he admit Marth is good choice."

"Marth is Naga-blessed. Obviously I would play as him.

"Ganondorf is delightfully dark...but he's too slow. I suppose I'll use Marth."

"Nya-ha! Marth! I prefer Mortal Kombat! It's much more bloody!"

"I-I agree with Henry."

"I guess Marth is pretty good. I like how gracefully he moves.

"My fighting style is literally based off Marth. What do you think?"

"The Blade of the Hero-King is true! It shall lead Owain Dark to victory!"

"I would say Marth. I like how easy he is to control."

"I would agree with my mother about Marth. He is the logical choice."

"I'm crap at those kind of games, but I guess I use Marth."

"Yeah, Marth! He has the coolest entrances!"

"I bet Marth was a hit with the ladies!"

"I suppose Marth is Ok. I don't play games."

"Marth is fun! He's one of my ancestors, but I don't think he was a tactician like my father!"

"I play as Marth. N-not that I like him or anything! Gawds!"

"I-I like playing as Marth. MY OPPONENTS SHALL FEAST ON MY FURY!"

"Marth is good. I prefer these kind of games over the one's my mother plays."

"I play as Marth! Gotta win point with the in-laws!"

"I don't like those games. Why sit around when you can spar? But, yeah, I guess I'd play as Marth."

"You can bet my brown arse I play as Marth!"

"I do, too, mainly so I can kick the old man's ass!"

"Mar-Mar!"

"I actually like playing as Marth...I didn't really play Brawl when I was still in charge."

"Marth. Something about controlling him turns me on!"

"I do not understand these games. I'm playing as the Hero-King, but he is not ordering his army to skin the red man. That is the obvious combat choice."

"...Marth…"

"I suppose I'd play as Marth. He's a pretty high-ranking character."

"I like Ike."

What's up with Kellam?

"Mail's here." Lucina said, as a servant handed her a group of letters.

"Is there anything from Smash Brothers?" Robin shouted from another room.

Lucina shuffled through the letters. "I don't see the shape you told me about, so no."

"Then nothing in there could interest me." Robin said, returning to whatever he was doing.

Lucina, however, decided to look through the letters. "Marriage proposal...Death threat...Junk mail...Invite to Inigo's improv show...Religious pamphlet...Huh." Lucina pulled out a scroll. "Hey, Robin?"

"Yes, dear?"

"We just got an invite to Say'ri and Kellam's wedding!" Lucina said, walking into Robin study.

"Neat." He said, then paused. "...Why didn't that happen in your time?"

"The marriage?" Lucina asked. "Robin, Say'ri was dead in my time. I'm pretty sure you said you talked to Yen'fey about that."

"Eh." Robin shrugged. "I don't really pay attention to the Chon'sin stuff. It basically just drops out of my mind the second I get home. Like taking a test or something."

"...How do you remember school?" Lucina asked. "I thought you had amnesia."

"I'm not speaking from experience." Robin commented. "I just know things."

"Well, regardless, I think it's nice to see couples getting together that weren't able to meet in my time." Lucina said with a smile. "Kellem and Say'ri, Aunt Emm and Praim."

"Gangrel and Aversa, in a weird, probably just sexual way. Walhart is probably mating with a bear or something. Yen'fey...is doing stuff." Robin commented. "Can't wait to see how this next generation turns out…"

"Quit being such a pessimist." Lucina said. "And don't put those images in my mind. Now I don't think I'll ever be able to eat bear again…"

"You were planning to?" Robin asked, smirking at his wife.

"Nevermind." She sighed.

"Well, I wouldn't say all the pairings are bad…" Robin smiled at Lucina.

She smiled back. "I suppose not."

First question, aside from Chrom answering first, was in order of the chapters.

The second one was a bit of a set-up. You'll understand next chapter and the chapter after that.

Chapter 49: Failed a Spotpass Pt1

So this is the first part of the introduction to the spinoff. I just going to do the introduction part in this, then make it its own story, incase some of you don't like it.

The temple used to be one of the proudest locations in Plegia. It's stain glass windows, epic statues portraying the teaching of the Grimleal, and massive size made it a location all the followers of Grima visited at least once in their lives.

That was before the entire world saw Grima, their God, defeated at the hands of Prince Chrom and his Shepherds. The regulations of being a member of the Grimleal were already strict enough without the discouragement of knowing your God was slayable.

As the followers stopped traveling to the temple, it began to lose its beauty. It became darker and run-down, despite the fact that it had only been about a year since the Shepherd's victory.

That wasn't to say there weren't visitors to the temple, or members of the Grimleal remaining. There were a good few members remaining, those who simply wouldn't give up on their dark god. It was actually something respectable about it.

Not that the hostages from the local villages would agree. They had no idea why the Grimleal took them, and they were terrified to find out.

All of the members of the Grimleal wore cloaks, which looked so much like Robin's cloak that you would think this was a gathering of tacticians or fanboys. They were all standing in front of an altar, where one man, who wore a much more extravagant version of the cloak, looked over the proceedings.

Suddenly, the doors to the temple opened, the crowd split in two. Three hooded figures walked up to the altar, one leading the other two. When they arrived, the two followers kneeled while the center one remained standing.

"May Grima watch over us all." The priest said to the crowd.

"Grima protect us." The crowd responded in hushed voices.

"My friends," The priest announced to the crowd. "Times have not been kind to us. Our King Validar has fallen. We have been outcast from our own country. Worse of all, our God was struck down by the demon Naga and her lackies."

The crowd began to shout in anger. The priest waved an arm, and they were silent.

"But there is still hope!" He proclaimed. "We have realized the truth! We have realized that Validar was not our true king! For it was his blood that opposed our god! We have been lied to, but now we have realized the truth! Our true king was overthrown by the Ylissian Bastard! Our True King, King Gangrel!"

The crowd began to cheer.

"Yes! Gangrel!" The priest continued. "As you all know, the Ylissian Bastard and his demon of light soiled the corpse of our fallen King and forced him to battle our god! But fear not! We have a saving grace!"

He motioned toward the center figure.

"You see, much like the spawn of the Ylissian Bastard traveled through time to aid him, so too has the Heir of Plegia!"

The standing figure removed his cloak. He was wearing an open brown hooded vest under the cloak. Strangely, he still had the hood up under the cloak, but now his bare chest was visible. The purple markings along his body resembled those that were once on the back of Robin's hand, not that anyone in the room knew that. While they weren't exactly matching, it was clear that it was the same language.

"Here is the True Heir to the throne! He shall lead us to victory!" The priest exclaimed.

The crowd began to chant. "Praise Grima! Praise Grima! Praise Grima!"

"Now what say you, Heir to the Throne?" The priest said, addressing the young man. "Will you take arms with us? Will you help us revive our god?"

The hooded man flinched and carefully removed his hood.

He has gray skin and dark red hair that fell flat on his head. It was on the longer side, but it was tied up behind his head to keep it from getting in his face. He had a dark red goatee, although it seemed to be covering another purple marking that was somewhat visible under his facial hair.

The red-headed man suddenly sprouted a grin that could best be described as shit-eating.

"...Naaaah!" He exclaimed, and pulled out two knives from under his vest. "Come on, Royals! Let's show'em some action!"

A groan of annoyance could be heard from one of the hooded figures, and they both threw off their cloaks in a dramatic fashion.

The man was wearing black, Chon'sin robes, with a dark fur collar. His hair was dark and unruly. He was wielding a yellow, pronged blade which, if someone noticed, would be recognized as Amatsu.

The other one was a blond woman, with her hair tied in a long ponytail behind her. She wore a white bandana that cover her entire forehead. She wore white and lime green armor. Connected to her waist was a small wand that look like a smaller version of a healer's staff. However, the most notable thing she was carrying was the large blade she had slung over she shoulder. It was immediately recognisable as Ragnell.

"Damn it, Aln!" The man exclaimed. "You were supposed to wait for Mar'on!"

"W-What is this?!" The priest exclaimed, slowly backing away.

"Well, let's just say it's time someone forcefully bashed reality into your face!" Aln exclaimed, gesturing toward the priest with his knife.

"Why did you let Aln head the mission?" The woman asked.

"He was the only one they would take alive." The man countered. "Although I am relieved he took my advice on not saying anything. At least, not saying anything earlier."

"Hey, peanut gallery!" Aln said to the two behind him. "Enough chit-chat! Heavenly Father here might get it in his head to kill us."

The priest shook his head, regaining his composure. "K-Kill them! Kill the intruders!"

The sound of weapons being hastily drawn and books being quickly flipped through. Aln jumped away from the center of the group, speeding through the crowd. He ran toward a group of mages, who started to cast fireballs at him. He quickly sidestepped two of them, before jumping over a group. The knives in his hands glistened midair as he grinned down at the mages, before he plunged down at them.

A group of armed Grimleal surrounded the man in the Chon'sin robes, who remained in the center of the group. The group of Grimleal began to rush the man. He quickly clashed blades with the first person to reach him, before leaping over his opponent. He landed and plunged his sword into his back. He kicked the knees of an ax-man, causing him to kneel in front of an oncoming spear. The Chon'sin man pushed the spear down with his foot, pulled his blade out of the corpse and cut down the spear man.

A Grimleal managed to sneak up behind the man. He noticed him, and punched him with his free hand, knocking him out. The man winced, looking down. The Grimleal had managed to deal a pretty nasty strike on him.

"Luna!" He shouted to the woman.

Luna swung Ragnell through the crowd, cutting down a couple of Grimleal. She looked over at the Chon'sin man, noticing his wound. She proceeded toward him. One fast Grimleal managed to charge at her, but she quickly swung Ragnell, crushing his skull, not even turning to face him.

She pulled out the wand at her waist and, chanting a few words, healed the man's wounds.

"Thank you, Luna." The man said. "Fie, they can't even land a hit on you!"

Luna smiled. "I have the blood of the Radiant Hero and Naga's chosen. Of course they can't face me." She struck a pose that could best be described as heroic.

"Hate to butt in, Prince-y, but where's the backup?" Aln asked, casually slitting a throat as he spoke.

"They should be here soon, if they're following the plan." The man replied, ducking under a spear and stabbing the wielder. "...Where was he hiding that spear?" He said to himself.

"To be fair, these are two of the least subtle members of our group." Luna commented. "We should have head from them by now." She casually threw her sword onto her shoulder, whacking an attacking opponent on the head. "Mar'on doesn't really have a choice, seeing as he's a dragon. Victoria, on the other-"

Suddenly, the giant stained glass window burst into pieces.

"Kneel before the Spawn of the Conqueror, mortals!"

A white dragon- a manakete- flew over the crowd, fire blast of fire at anyone wearing a Grimleal cloak. As the battle had progressed, heavily armored followers of the Grimleal had joined the fray. These Grimleal wield large, powerful blades, which were usually used to fight off wyverns and the manakete.

They were, however, not expecting the dragon to be wielding a sword.

He wasn't exactly wielding it well, or with anything that looked like training to the naked eye, but it was large enough to be effective regardless. The sword was large, even larger than Ragnell, and it had a gem at the center of the cross-guard.

A figured jumped off of the dragon as it swept toward the ground. She was wearing red armor, similar to Walhart's. She had white hair that reached her neck in length, with one strand of hair in place of bangs. She was, however, a bit on the short side. Roughly an inch or so taller than Nah.

While she didn't initially look intimidating, the look on her face could terrify even the bravest soul. She whipped out her hand, opening the magic tome, and throwing up her hand.

"Prepare to die, fools!" She shouted. "I, Victoria, spawn of Walhart, shall destroy your flesh and stab you with your own bones!" Lighting began to rain from the sky, as she cackled maniacally.

"...I really hope we aren't hurting those hostages…" Said the Chon'sin man.

And the battle raged on.

"Seems like we were late to the game." Aln remarked, as Luna looked over all of the now free hostages.

"What?" The Chon'sin man asked.

"These peace-loving dicks were trying to bring Grima back, so odds are the others already fixed things." Aln replied. "Which sucks, since I really wanted to punch Grima in his smug face."

"I doubt punching the Fell Dragon would do much." The man remarked, running a hand through his unruly hair.

"Yeah, well I figured nut-punching him would do less." Aln commented.

The man raised an eyebrow at Aln. "...What do you know about Grima's balls?"

"...I walked in at the wrong point of this conversation." Luna said from behind him.

"L-Luna!" The man exclaimed, blushing a bit before recovering his composure.

"Huh. It's an accomplishment to sneak up on the prince here. Always seems like the other way around." Aln commented.

He narrowed his eyes at Aln. "Can it, thief." He turned to Luna. "What is it, Luna?"

"We got a straggler." She motioned her sword toward a limping figure. The man recognized him as the priest from the beginning of the ceremony.

"I'll deal with this." The man said, drawing his sword as he walked toward the man.

"...Y-You have…no idea...the power that is coming…" The priest coughed at the man.

"You've already lost this war, old man." The man said. "You should have just given up. There was no need for you to disturb these poor villagers."

"You are the blind one, boy!" The priest exclaimed, with a sudden burst of energy. "You...have no idea the power that is...to come."

"I'm sure we can handle it." The man replied.

"Arrogant child." The priest spat. "Who do you think you are?"

The man raised his sword.

"My name is Jon'so. I am the prince of the Chon'sin, son of Queen Say'ri and Sir Kellam the Wall."

He brought the sword down on the man.

"Don't forget it!"

This was mainly the first introduction to these characters. The next part will introduce you to them more. I haven't even introduced all of them, as you'll find out. I'll get a little more into the character descriptions in the next part.

Now you see why you might not like it. I don't want to force OCs on you guys if you don't want them, so it's going to be this chapter, another dump, and the second half of this. After that, I'll do two more things, three more dumps, and close this story off. I figured I might as well put an ending point on this. You guys will see me around the Fire emblem archives.

Chapter 50: Morgan's Sexy Dump

Another Dump! After this, I'll continue the Failed a Spotpass story. I would describe the last chapter as the anime opening to those characters. You see them do cool things but don't learn much about them. The next one doesn't have any action, but it sets up the characters and story.

Who had to win points with the in-laws?

"...I'm going to go on a limb and say I didn't win Validar over." Lucina said.

"I gave Gaius a bag of candy for Gerome's hand in marriage!" Cynthia exclaimed.

"...I don't think that's how it works, Cynthia." Gerome said. "I think Chrom had a better time intimidating Robin. To be fair, he held his ground pretty well in front of Minerva. Sumia was much more terrifying. I don't want to talk about it."

"Lucina skinned a rabbit in front of me." Yarne said. "And then proceeded to eat it. Never breaking eye contact."

"I-I actually had a pretty delightful meal with Lissa and Frederick." Noire said.

"I was told to read some boring books by Libra." Owain said. "They were about Naga and unions and stuff. I don't remember what Tharja wanted to do with me. No, seriously, I don't remember a weekend of my life."

"Bunnysores." Tharja said.

"THE PAIN! OH NAGA THE PAIN! SOMEONE, PLEASE MAKE IT STOP!"

"Carrot socks."

"So yeah, I don't remember anything."

"I don't think Henry and Nowi know Nah and me are married." Brady said. "Which might actually be for the best. I bet it'd be terrifying to see what they do to me."

"I got along with Virion and Maribelle delightfully." Nah said. "We had tea and talked about Brady's future."

"My muscles still ache from the workout Sully and Vaike put me through!" Inigo complained. "And they kept threatening me through the entire thing. It sucked!"

"Olivia scares me." Kjelle said. "I don't know why, but she does. Something in her eyes."

"Panne and Gregor didn't really do anything threatening." Morgan said. "They just sorta told me to get to work on 'restarting the Targel race.' I'm trying! But Yarne always get's cold feet when I-"

"I'm going to move onto the next question before we learn too much about my daughter's sex life." Robin quickly said.

To Tiki: What is your relationship with Naga?

"Oh, well, you see-" Tiki began to say, but was cut off.

"She's her mother." Robin said. "Look at a wiki or something, why don't you?"

"...I would have been more than happy to answer the question." Tiki said, annoyed.

"Well, I figured I might as well answer it for you." He replied.

"...Ass."

Justice Cabal!

"The darkness shines against the innocent town of Ylisstol! It, along with the rest of the world, is defended by the

honorable Shepherds!"

"However, some villains slip through the cracks! Another team is necessary to deal with these evils!"

"That's where we come in! Justice Cabal! Roll call!"

"Owain Dark! Co-founder and Hunter of the Sword Hand!"

"Cynthia! Hero extraordinaire!"

"Morgan! Master tactician-in-training!"

"..."

"Say it!"

"I don't say it on demand."

"I know you want to!"

"...Robin. Master Tactician."

"Gerome. I'm not saying that."

"Come on, Gerome! You promised!"

"...Gerome. The Night."

"Noire. Archer?"

"Yarne! Last of his kind, so please don't hurt me!"

"Together, we form...the Justice Cabal!"

"...Are we done now? I'm just going to go."

"Dad! You can't just leave! We have to patrol!"

"I'm out of practice and rooftops are dangerous!"

"Gerome's doing it!"

"He's riding a dragon! That's the opposite of subtle!"

"I was serious about the not wanting to get hurt part."

"Not you too, Yarne! There's something sexy about a hero whose the last of his kind!"

"...Ok, Yarne. I'm not one to talk about my daughter's sex drive, but given the last few times I've seen her, she appears to be in heat or something."

"...Help me…"

"MORGAN! MOMMY'S BOY AND MASTER TACTICIAN IN TRAINING!"

"...We're done here."

To Tharja: Who do you like better? Libra or Henry?

"I married Libra. Who do you think?" Tharja said. "That said, I don't mind Henry, in small doses. He is a brilliant dark mage, and shares my interest in darkness."

Morgan trying to break the fourth wall

"What you have to do is keep in mind every move your opponent could make." Robin explained to Morgan.

"Yes." Morgan said strangely. "Because that would be...bad. To not know what the could do…" She sounded disinterested.

"What's wrong, dear?" Robin asked.

"Teach me how to do the thing you do!" Morgan exclaimed.

"...You may want to be a little more specific." Robin commented.

"You know, how sometimes you say something and it confuses everybody and it sounds like you're talking about something we don't know about! That!"

"...You want me to teach you how to break the fourth wall?" Robin asked.

"If that's what you call it."

"...I don't think it's something you just learn." Robin said. "You're just...you just kinda do it."

Morgan sighed. "Man...You sound really cool when you do it."

"Hold on." Robin suddenly said. "Remember that time you submitted a question about Yarne's fluffiness?"

"Do I ever!" Morgan exclaimed. "Afterward, I got him to-"

"Ok, why are you so open about all of this stuff?!" Robin exclaimed. "This is literally the third time you brought up sex with Yarne! I can understand being open about this stuff, but not with your father!"

"It's just something I like to talk about." Morgan replied. "Although I guess everybody always acts weird when I bring it up. Except Grandma. She's really into gossip."

"...Sumia is interesting like that." Robin said. "I have a feeling she know what everybody in the Shepherds is like in bed. Anyway, how did you submit that question?"

"Why were we answering questions anyway?" Morgan asked. "Wait a second...did I just…?"

"That was really more of a lean, but it's close!" Robin smiled. "You're on your way!"

"Yeah!" Morgan exclaimed, hugging her father. "I love you, Father!"

"I love you too, dear." Robin said.

Some of the in-laws are scary.

I had to check the wiki about Tiki, so Robin is being condescending about that. I hope you know I'm not as much of a dick as Robin is.

Justice Cabal is just a bunch of dorks doing stuff.

Morgan has evolved the most out of all the characters in this story. She started out kinda brain-dead, but became an example of a maturing young woman who is surprisingly sexual. The last chapter of this story is going to be about her and male Morgan. You'll see it and you'll love it.

Chapter 51: Failed a Spotpass Pt2

I've heard.

We'll talk about it next chapter.

"Thank you!" The mayor of the small Plegian town exclaimed, shaking Jon'so's hand. He was a large, older man. "We may not be the largest town, but are resources are yours, should you choose to use them!"

"It was no problem at all, sir." Jon'so said. "It was the right thing to do. My group and I do not need a reward. We were happy to- AGH!" He exclaimed, as someone stomped roughly on his foot.

"What my friend is *trying* to say is that we will accept your payment!" The red-headed girl next to him growled.

The man laughed a jolly laugh. "Ah, I see you're not one to be trusted with making deals, lad! This Anna probably has to keep a close eye on you!"

The woman did look like an Anna, with only a few small differences. Her hair was cut short, as though she cut it off from a pony-tail. She wore goggles on her forehead.

She smiled a winning smile at the mayor. "Of course, sir. And, please, I prefer Annie."

"Ah-ha! I like her!" The mayor laughed again.

"W-Well, I don't think we should drain your resources!" Jon'so exclaimed, a bit flustered.

"Jonny, we aren't going to bleed them dry." Annie reassured the prince. She turned to the mayor. "Do you think you could provide the funds for eight people to get passage to Ylisstol? That's all we need. And housing for the night."

"Ah! That's simple!" The mayor exclaimed.

"We can probably make up the funds on our own!" Jon'so said. "You guys have really been through enough.

"Jon'so would be willing to do anything to get to Ylisstol." Annie said. "His fiancée is there, after all, and lover boy here couldn't be more eager to get to her!"

"A-Annie!" Jon'so exclaimed.

The mayor grinned. "Ah, young love! I'll give you the funds! No arguments! Shame, I was thinking of setting you up with my daughter. Oh well. How about that red-headed lad?"

"No!" Annie and Jon'so both exclaimed. The mayor raised an eyebrow at them.

"Just...don't do that." Jon'so clarified.

"Anyway, we should get going." Annie said, dragging Jon'so toward the door. "Do we have four rooms in the inn for us?"

"Of course!" The mayor exclaimed. "And you'll find the money there, too!"

"Put it in my room!" Annie winked. "It helps me sleep at night!"

"...We could have found another way to Ylisstol." Jon'so grumbled.

"You know, Jon'so, sometimes you are really naïve." Annie said. "Did you really expect to get there on good will and favors alone? Money gets you a long way."

"...Fine. I assume this is why you insisted on coming to this meeting with me." Jon'so said.

"Obviously! After that ride from Valm?" Annie exclaimed.

"It wasn't that bad!" Jon'so protested.

"I used a sheep as a pillow." Annie said. "After that, you lost the right to negotiations. You're a doormat, Jonny!"

"Jon'so." He corrected. "This isn't because you're mad about having to hold the fort during the rescue, is it?"

"Of course not!" Annie replied, casually twirling a stick of dynamite in her hand. "You guys didn't need the explosive punch I tend to pack. Although I am a bit surprised you still went with Mar'on."

"He takes less time to set up." Jon'so said. "You have to set up explosives and whatnot, and it's rather hard to sneak all of that into a temple."

"Ah, well." Annie shrugged. "So are you going to go check on him?"

"Yes." He replied. "You know how he gets with killing. Odds are he's praying right now. I think I'll go sparing after that."

"You should check on the 'patients,' while you're at it." Annie said. "And, since we just got into the mayors good graces, you should make sure we don't fall out."

Jon'so looked at her quizzingly, then narrowed his eyes.

"Aln."

"You go check on him. I'm going to the market." Annie winked at him, and walked toward the market-place.

Jon'so had asked the shadiest person he saw what the shadiest bar in town was. When he walked in, he spotted Aln immediately. He was grinning up at a pissed off, very large man. There was a very drunk woman on the side, giggling to herself. A small crowd had gathered around the three.

"What do you think you're doing, punk?!" The man exclaimed.

"Well, obviously I'm trying to get lucky!" Aln replied.

"With my girl?!" He pointed toward the drunk woman. "Who do you think you are?"

"I could be anybody to her." Aln replied. "She doesn't seem to care. I mean, she probably wants a little excitement in her life."

"Ahem." Jon'so said.

"Something you can't provide, big guy."

"Aln."

"I guess everything isn't up to scale."

"Aln!"

"What I'm trying to say is she's tired of your-"

"ALN!" Aln felt someone smack him on the head.

"Oh! Prince-y! You snuck up on me!" Aln exclaimed. "How surprising!" He joked.

"What did you do?" Jon'so asked.

"This guy's just upset that his girl is more interested in me." Aln replied.

Jon'so raised an eyebrow.

"...And I may have been the one to buy her all those drinks. But I was using money I won fairly in a poker game!"

Jon'so continued to glare at him.

"...Which really depends on how you see the word 'fair'. But it was money he put on the table!"

"..."

"...And his wallet that I picked off of him."

"WHAT?!" The man patted down his pants. "YOU BASTARD!"

"Not the first time I was called that." Aln commented. Jon'so continued to glare at him. "What?" He sighed. "Fine. Here." He handed Jon'so the wallet.

"Sorry about my...acquaintance." Jon'so said to the larger man, handing him his wallet. "I hope this covers it." He added a few extra coins.

"It doesn't." The man growled.

"In that case, you can punch my friend here in the face."

"What was that?" Aln asked, before he was decked by the larger man, and crumpled to the floor, unconscious.

"Thanks for knocking him out." Jon'so said. "He would probably have caused more trouble awake."

"Not a problem, mate." The man replied. "Now take your friend and SCRAM!"

Jon'so had dumped Aln in their inn room. He usually wound up rooming with him, mainly because he didn't want to force the others to be stuck with him.

While he was there, he decided to take Annie's advice and check on the 'patients.' However, as he walked down the hall, he heard someone stomping behind him. He stopped and sighed.

"Hello, Victoria."

"Jon'so." The girl said, a scowl on her face. "Why are we sleeping in this rotting horse stable? I have sized up the leader of this town. We could take him and begin our kingdom here!"

"We aren't doing that, Victoria." Jon'so said, as if he had gone through this conversation a dozen times before. That was because he had. Victoria always had a mind for conquering places.

For a girl who never even met her father, she sure tried her best to emulate him.

"And why not?" The girl asked. "I am not going to meet my father without at least a continent under my heel!"

"Victoria, even if we did try to fight them, there are eight of us. All of us aren't even in fighting condition." Jon'so pointed out.

"I could take them all with my hands tied behind my back!" She exclaimed

"...You're a mage." He said.

"I could still fight!" She replied.

"...Look, Victoria, I'm going to check on Mar'on. You...try not to kill anyone." Jon'so said carefully.

"I cannot make any promises." She replied. "I will fight whoever challenges. It would damage my father's legacy if I didn't!"

"Fine. Sure. Just don't get into any trouble. We leave tomorrow." Jon'so walked around the girl, hoping she was just all talk.

He could never tell with her.

"Mar'on?" Jon'so said, opening the inn room door.

A boy was sitting on the ground, in a deep meditation. He was bald, but his eyebrows suggested his natural hair color was white. He was wearing white robes, with the mark of Naga on the back. Laying in front of him was a giant sword, larger than him. At the hilt of the blade was a rainbow stone, a Dragonstone.

The boy opened his eyes, turned to Jon'so, and smiled. "Hello, cousin."

"Mar'on." Jon'so said. "Are you OK?"

"I am praying to Naga for those who have fallen." Mar'on replied.

"You mean the Grimleal?" Jon'so asked. "Why?"

"I seek the purification of their souls." He replied. Mar'on paused. "I seek the purification of my soul."

"You have the purest soul out of all of us." Jon'so said.

"I enjoyed killing them." Mar'on said. "I shouldn't have. It was...wrong of me to fall into the temptation."

"You did the right thing, Mar'on." Jon'so reassured him.

"You've heard the legends." Mar'on said. "Of the other male manakete. I do not want to become one of them."

Jon'so sighed. "I know how hard this is for you, but once we return to Ylisstol, you'll be able to seek the advice of your parents. You won't have to do this on your own anymore." He paused. "...You'll be able to pray again. Truly pray."

"...What do you do when your god is suddenly a stranger?" Mar'on said. "...I miss Mother now more than I ever have."

"Look, we're leaving for Ylisstol tomorrow." Jon'so said, putting a hand on his cousin's shoulder. "You aren't like them. You never were."

"I'm still young, Jon'so." Mar'on said. "You're younger. I pray the conviction you give me will last hundreds of years after your death."

"...A bit of a dark thought, isn't that?" Jon'so said uneasily. "I'm going to check next door. Are you going to be at dinner?"

"I would never miss a meal!" The manakete grinned. Jon'so was always surprised how fast manakete could change their moods.

"Very well!" Jon'so smiled. "I'll see you there!"

Jon'so could hear her complaining before he even opened the door.

"Gawd, Laurent! Why would I need a spoon arm?!"

"To spoon things. To carry small doses of water, or soup, or liquids of the like."

Jon'so sighed, and opened the door.

Severa had seen better days. Both of her legs were fine, but she had an eyepatch, a couple of scars, and was missing her left arm from the middle of the forearm down.

They had found her in the care of a widow, who had found her still near death, trying to protect her late husband's body. It took a while for Severa to remember them, but eventually she knew who they were. She explained how Prince Chrom had "tried to be a hero," and how happy she was with the look on his face when she fell. She didn't really remember much after that.

Laurent, however, looked fine, in a bit dazed and startled. They had found him half mad in the desert. He appeared to have been isolated for a while. He tried to attack them at first, but they managed to talk him down. He got a bit better, but now there was always something off about him.

"Well, if it isn't the prince!" Severa exclaimed. "To what do we owe the honor?"

"I just wanted to check on you guys." Jon'so said.

"Ah, I see you managed to succeed in your mission!" Laurent said. "Are we going to be making our way toward Ylisstol soon?"

"Yes we are." Jon'so replied.

"What, so you can get back to your stupid girlfriend?" Severa asked. "It's nice to know we're being led by your…"

"Penis?" Laurent suggested.

"...Yes, Laurent. Penis." Severa said. "Anyway, I don't see why we have to go to Ylisstol. Valm was nice. We could have stayed in Valm."

"Regardless of what you think, it would be best if we touched base with the rest of our friends." Jon'so said. "How are the...appendages going?"

"Very well!" Laurent exclaimed. "So far, I have made a basic knife attachment, a sword attachment, a crossbow attachment, a fork, spoon, spork, pen, screw, pleasure, trumpet-"

"'Pleasure?'" Jon'so asked. "...Nevermind. Dinner is in a few hours. I hope you two are there."

"Whatever." Severa shrugged. Laurent had already become distracted with another attachment.

Jon'so walked toward the village training grounds. It was rare for a village to already have one, but apparently, this town used to be a soldier training ground.

There was already a small crowd gathered on the grounds, watching someone train. Jon'so smiled to himself., and pushed his way through the crowd.

As he expected, Luna was there, practicing her moves on the post. While it was entertaining to watch her train, what really drew people toward her was that she was sprouting off stories as she fought.

"The Radiant Hero, Ike, was surrounded by five bears! Ike could easily take one of them on bare handed!" She continued training as she spoke. "Pun unintended! He looked at all of them, and he knew! He knew he had to to draw his blade! Ragnell!"

She held Ragnell up into the air. "As the blade was drawn, the bears began to tremble at its raw power! And in one fatal strike, he cut them all down to cubs!" She split the post in half. The crowd began to clap. In spite of himself, Jon'so clapped with them.

"Thank you!" She exclaimed. "Now how about another story! From the other side of my family!"

"Luna!" Jon'so exclaimed. It was alright for her to flaunt around the fact that she's Ike's descendant, but it would harder for them if people knew about her royal blood.

"Oh!" She turned to Jon'so, smiling. "Hello, Jon'so!" Despite how hard it usually was for people to sometimes notice Jon'so, Luna always noticed him. It was nice.

"Hello, Luna." He said. "That was quite a performance."

"Oh, you know, it's just how I train!" She laughed. "I can't blame people for being interested in it, given my bloodline!"

"Well, how about we spar?" Jon'so asked.

"Of course!" She exclaimed, readying her blade. "The people here are going to be in for a treat! The blood of Chon'sin royalty against the blood of the r-"

"Radiant hero!" Jon'so finished. He raised his eyebrows at her, making sure she got his point.

"R-Right! Radiant hero!" She exclaimed.

"Alright, Miss Radiant descendent!" Jon'so said, relaxing a bit as he drew his sword. "Let's see what you got!"

Jon'so looked at the sunset, which brought a red hue to the clear sky.

We're going to be in Ylisstol soon. He thought to himself. *It's a shame we weren't able to help them stop Grima. No matter, I suppose. I guess all that means is we'll get to see our parents again. Or in some cases, meet them for the first time.*

It dawned on him how many of them had never met both of their parents. *Mine died when I very young, Aln's an orphan, Victoria and Annie never knew their fathers. Hell, Annie doesn't even know who hers is. Well, she won't tell us, anyway.*

I suppose it's not that bad. Annie was right, anyway. Soon I'll get to see her again. And we can get married, away from that awful future.

I'll be there soon, Lucina.

So those are the introductions! Hopefully you have a basic gist of the characters, kinda like when you recruit a character in the game. And the hooks, too. You'll see how it all works out ;)

Anyway, here are some basic introductions to the characters:

Jon'so: The Forgotten Prince- Jon'so is the prince of the Chon'sin people, the child of Say'ri and Kellem. He inherited his mother's leadership skills, fighting style, and sense of honor. He also inherited his father's kindness and lack of presence. He was unspokenly chosen as the leader of the group of displaced children. He is arranged to marry Princess Lucina of Ylisse. He's more or less the Chrom and the Robin of the group

Aln: The Bastard Prince of Plegia- Aln never knew what happened to his parents. He grew up on the streets of Plegia, treated like dirt by the locals. He, in turn, decided he didn't have to be nice to people, since they always seemed to hate him. He later found out about his heritage, didn't care about it, and moved to Chon'sin, where he became a pain in the neck to the Captain of the Guard, Prince Jon'so.

Aln, personality wise, could best be described as the middle point between Aladdin from Disney's Aladdin and Aladdin from Starkid's Twisted. Listen to One Step Ahead from the former and I Steal Everything from the latter to get a grasp of it. He doesn't really care about others, but he does have a good heart. Maybe. probably.

Luna: The Radiant Moon- The daughter of Emmeryn and Priam. She share's her father's pride in her bloodline, which is also now contains the blood of the Hero-King. However, she also shares her mother's compassion for others.

She has a bit of a crush on Jon'so, but not to a Cordelia degree. She just kinda likes him. regardless, Severa doesn't really like her, due to the similarities.

Annie: The Explosive Merchant- The daughter of Anna. She's an Anna. However, she didn't really like the idea of being completely identical to all of her relatives. She decided to change her looks a bit, and developed a love for pyrotechnics. She began to make her living selling explosives. When the call to fight Grima came, she developed different kinds of explosives to help her in battle. She's the most flirty of the group.

Mar'on: Naga's Legacy- The son of Tiki and, surprisingly, Yen'fey. The circumstances of his birth, aside from his parents, are shrouded with mystery. He is well aware of the violent history of male manakete, and hopes he can avoid following suit. He is a peaceful man, and can sometimes act a little childish. He is usually reluctant to fight, but will do anything to defend his friends.

Victoria: Spawn of the Conqueror- The daughter of a peasant woman and Walhart. She idolizes her father, and wants to impress him with her skills as a conqurer. However, she only really has training in magic, nothing to do with leading or conquering. She has also never met her father. She bases herself on the images of him told through legends and stories. She is loud and threatens people all the time, but her small size and childish, girlish looks tend to cause people to not take her seriously. Depending on the situation, this can provide fatal.

Severa and Laurent. I know, I told you they were dead. However, they aren't. Since Severa was technically killed in my playthrough, I decided to cripple her a bit. She can still fight, but, given Severa's outlook, she is probably a little resentful of her situation.

Laurent is a bit sadder. I remember in one support, he said he was sent further into the past then the other, and nearly went mad by the isolation. I never recruited him. So, when this group found him, he was already beginning to go mad. They managed to stabilize him, but he's never going to be the same person again.

So the actually story is going to be a spinoff of this. If you liked these two chapters, look out for the story after I complete this one. It will include a general story, back story, supports, potential relationships, parent meetings, maybe some decruitments, and more! Just a general character building thing, some of which explores certain things that weren't explored in the games.

The two chapters before the last one, not counting the dumps, will be the theoretical support of Severa and Laurent, out of canon.

Chapter 52: The Amazing, Flying Tactician!

Did you hear?

"Ok." Robin said calmly. "We shouldn't freak out yet. We haven't opened them yet. It could be a fluke."

Lucina had uncharacteristically barged into Robin's office, holding something. When he asked what it was, she revealed the letter.

Robin wasn't surprised that the latter had the Smash symbol on it.

However, what did surprise him was that there were two of them.

"I don't know what to expect." Lucina said. "You kept gushing about how important this symbol was, but you never really explained it to me."

"I'll explain it to you once we open them." He said, as Lucina handed him the letter addressed to him. "We don't know if they say the same thing. They could be different messages."

"So you want to open them at the same time?" Lucina said.

"Sure. Let's be all romantic like that." Robin replied.

They broke the seals and read the letters.

"...No fucking way…" Robin muttered.

"...This is a tournament invite." Lucina said. "'Super Smash Brothers?' What is that?" She looked at her husband. "Robin?"

He looked at Lucina.

"Robin?" Chrom said, opening the door to Robin and Lucina's living quarters. "Are you in here?" There didn't seem to be anyone home. The only thing he could hear was a rapid creaking sound.

As he walked toward the sound, however, a voice interrupted him.

"Hello, Grandfather!"

"Oh," Chrom turned around, toward the kitchen. "Hello, Morgan." Morgan was sitting at the kitchen table, drinking a cup of tea and flipping through a book.

"Are you here to see Father?" She asked.

"Yeah." Chrom said, pulling out a piece of paper. "I got this letter from someone called 'Master Hand.' He said I got rejected from some sort of fighting thing, which is weird since I never applied. He said that I did get the position as 'Robin's go-to friend' and 'an extra hour in the ball pit.' This is honestly one of the most Robin-sounding letters I've ever gotten."

"Oh, that sounds pretty pricey." Morgan commented.

Chrom looked at her. "...What?" He asked, confused.

"Father says I'm leaning!" She replied, giving Chrom a cup of tea.

"...Right. Anyway, I was wondering where Robin might be." He said, taking a sip.

"Oh, that sound is him and Mother." Morgan replied, smiling.

Chrom promptly spit out his tea. "W-W-What?!"

"Yeah, they seemed really happy about the letters they got. They got to it, just like bunnies!" Morgan replied, she handed Chrom two pieces of paper that happened to be on the table.

Chrom read both of them over. "...So they got into this 'Smash Brotherhood' thing, but I'm only around to…" He looked at his letter. "... 'Use the power of friendship to kick ass.' What does this mean?"

"Spinoff!" Morgan exclaimed.

Chrom was about to replied, when he heard a moaning sound. His face turned beet red.

"...Do...do you want to go to my quarters and have tea with Sumia?" He asked Morgan, obviously uncomfortable.

"Sure!" Morgan exclaimed. "Grandmother did want to talk to me about stuff with Yarne! Let's go, Grandfather!" She grabbed his hand and dragged him out of the quarters.

Chrom decided, at that moment, the idea of listening to his granddaughter and his wife talk about sex was the lesser of two evils, when compared to listening to his daughter and best friend…

And now...Various Takes on the Flying Tactician!

Just as Captain Falcon was about to land a hit on Lucina, green waves of energy came crashing down on him. He jumped back, dodging the attack. He and Lucina looked up at the source of the attack.

Robin looked down at the two fighters from midair.

"It's going to be alright." He said calmly.

Lucina smiled.

Nothing happened.

"...Robin?"

"...I'm stuck." Robin said, waving his arms a bit. "Guys? I'm kinda stuck up here!"

"How did you even get up there?" Lucina asked.

"It doesn't matter!" Robin exclaimed. "Get a scientist or something! Get that dude from Brain Age! He's smart!"

"Ok, Ok!" Lucina exclaimed, running out of the arena.

"...Am I going to die up here?"

Or this.

"It's going to be alright." Robin said.

Before Lucina could respond, Robin swooped down, picked her up, and flew away.

Falcon and Chrome looked off to where Robin flew away.

"...Falcon punch?" The captain asked.

"...I think my soul is bleeding…" Chrom groaned.

Robin flew through the star-covered sky, carrying his wife in his arms.

"I could show you the world," He sang. *"Shining, Shimmering, Splendid!/ Tell me, Princess, the last time that you let your heart decide."*

"How are you flying?" Lucina asked, but Robin continued.

"I can open your eyes/Take you wonder by wonder/Over, sideways and under/ With my badass flying swag!'

"What's a 'swag?'" Lucina asked, still confused about what was happening.

"A whole new world- Wanna do it?" Robin suddenly asked.

"...Fine."

More on that.

"It's going to be alright." Robin said.

Before Lucina could respond, Robin swooped down, picked up her father, and flew away.

"...So I guess he's just taking him somewhere safe?" Lucina said to herself.

Robin flew through the star-covered sky, carrying his best friend in his arms.

"I could show you the world," He sang. *"Shining, Shimmering, Splendid!/ Tell me, Exalt, the last time that you let your heart decide."*

"Robin, as...interesting as it is that you can fly, I am in a bit of pain, so if you could just-"

"I can open your eyes/Take you wonder by wonder/Over, sideways and under/ With my badass flying swag!'

"Why are you singing?!" Chrom exclaimed.

"A whole new world/A new fantastic point of view/No one to tell us no or where to go/Or say we're only dreaming." Robin paused.

"What?" Chrom asked.

"Damn it, Chrom!" Robin exclaimed. "You were supposed to jump in there!"

"I have no idea what you were singing!" Chrom responded.

"Ugh! Worst best friend/ father-in-law ever!"

If I had my way, this entire story would just be musical numbers.

"It's going to be alright." Robin said.

Before Lucina could respond, Robin swooped down, picked up Captain Falcon, and flew away.

"...What?" Lucina said.

Chrom would have commented, but he was in far too much pain.

Robin flew through the star-covered sky, carrying Captain Falcon in his arms.

"I could show you the world," He sang. *"Shining, Shimmering, Splendid!/ Tell me, Falcon, the last time that you let your heart decide."*

"SHOW ME YA MOVES!"

"I can open your eyes/Take you wonder by wonder/Over, sideways and under/ With my badass flying swag!'

"COME ON!"

"A whole new world/A new fantastic point of view/No one to tell us no or where to go/Or say we're only dreaming." Robin sang.

"*A whole new world*," Falcon sang. "*A dazzling place I never knew\But when I'm way up here, it's crystal clear/That now I'm in a whole new world with you!"*

They flew off into the sunset and were never heard from again.

I'm actually pretty flattered about how many people jumped up to tell me about the announcement. Thanks!

I was actually kinda expecting Robin to be confirmed, pretty much for the same reasons he was confirmed. Lucina surprised me, actually.

I'll tell you now, originally, the Smash spinoff would have be based off of Pete Holmes "Street Fighter: Red Tape." Robin, who, for the purpose of that idea, didn't get confirmed for Smash, being hired by Master Hand to be the Smash Brother's Public Relations guy. He would have to regulate the fighters, as opposed to the firings he did in this story. Lucina, who I also wasn't expecting, would have gotten a job at what could best be described as the Starbucks of the Nintendo universe. It would slowly drive her insane.

I still have a lot of stuff from the original idea I can use, which is good.

Master Hand, as you could somewhat gather from this, is what I would like to describe as 'worse Robin.'

I suppose I should say now that default Robin has been the Robin build I've been writing this story as. I decided to make the description vague enough that you could fit your own Robin in the position, but now I'm just going to clear that up, since I might make some appearance references/jokes in the future.

Up next: Out of continuity, Severa, in all her tsundere glory!

Chapter 53: The Missing Daughter

None of this is part of the continuity.

"Severa," Robin said to the girl seated across from him. "Do you know why you're here?"

"Why is your office so big? You're a tactician!" Severa exclaimed. "You don't need a big office! What do you even do during peace times! Gawds, you're so useless!"

"Wait for it…" Robin muttered to himself.

"...I guess it is smart to have a map of the world on the wall over there…" Severa admitted. "N-not that I like this office or anything!"

"...Did you just act tsundere toward a room?" Robin asked.

"What does that word even mean?" Severa asked. "Are you just using big words because you think you're smarter than everyone? That's so typical of you!"

"First off, I don't think I'm smarter than everyone." Robin said. "I know I am. Secondly, you are the personification of the word 'tsundere'. If you were to look up 'tsundere in a dictionary, there would be a picture of you, or at least someone who looked an awful lot like you."

"That's not a definition!" Severa exclaimed.

"It is for me." Robin replied.

"You know, there are other smart people in the Shepherds, but none of them are as rude as you!" Severa exclaimed.

"Well, I'll have you know that you aren't included in that number, since you're fired." Robin said.

"WHAT?!" Severa exclaimed. "Why would you fire me?!"

"Honestly, I don't know, and I don't really care." Robin replied. "People got annoyed that you didn't have a real chapter, so this is kinda making up for it."

"Fine! If the army doesn't want me, I don't want the army!" Severa exclaimed, crossing her arms. "It's stupid, anyway!" She glared at Robin. "Well?!"

"I'm just going to wait." Robin said, calmly.

"...I suppose I could cover mess duty for the next few days." She said. "N-not that I like this army or anything!"

"We don't have mess duty anymore." Robin responded. "Also, that seems to be completely unrelated. If you're this bad, I can't imagine how bad the real Severa will be."

"I'm the real Severa!" Severa exclaimed.

"No, this is out of canon." Robin responded. "Which is weird. Not that this is out of canon, but that we even have a canon to begin with...Anyway, I failed to save the real Severa, and now she's crippled and traveling with a bunch of misplaced rugrats."

"How do you even know that?" Severa asked.

"This isn't canon." Robin replied. "I can know whatever I want."

"So none of this is real?" Severa asked.

"...No." Robin replied, blood draining from his face.

"So what happens to us after all of this is over?" Sever asked, concerned.

"I don't know." Robin said. "I think we just stop existing."

"What?!" Severa exclaimed. "That's unfair!"

"That's life." Robin replied. He stood up from his chair. "But I don't want to go down without a fight!"

"What are we going to do?" Severa asked, following the tactician.

"Burn the world down!" Robin exclaimed. "Start a riot! Live like we're dying!" He set his office on fire.

"I love you!" Severa exclaimed, as they ran through the rioting streets. It was surprising how quickly the riot broke out.

"You love everybody." Robin said bluntly, as he shattered a window with his elbow.

"T-That's not true!" Severa exclaimed.

"..."

"...Ok, maybe a little."

"Not a lot of description here." Robin said. "He's running out of ideas. It's all going to be over soon."

"What the hell just happened?!" Severa exclaimed. "We were just in your office talking, like, five minutes ago! Now the world's ending!"

"Crack happened, Severa." Robin said, looking out into the distance. "Crack happened."

And then the world exploded around them.

So I went back to my roots a bit. I made it short and completely insane. Since this was out of canon, I basically ran with that.

Hopefully this will sooth the people over who were upset about the lack of a Severa chapter. It would be pretty ironic if the annoyed Severa fans wound up liking the canon, injured Severa so much they forgot about the lack of a chapter for her. But then how would I get those readers to read Failed a Spotpass? That's how you attract fans! Deny them what they want, show them something they want better than the original thing they wanted, then give them the original thing! I'm pretty sure that's how people sell drugs.

Anyway, I'll also be doing a chapter like this on Laurent, but next time: the second to last dump!

Chapter 54: Wayward Dump

This is technically the last full dump, since one of the requests warranted an entire chapter. So the last one I do in this chapter might be a bit too "inside baseball" (Not everyone will know what I'm talking about.) Hopefully you find it funny, regardless.

Who did Morgan inherit her sex drive from?

"Oh, Lucina, totally." Robin replied.

"I'm sorry, what?" The princess replied. "I would think it came from the more obnoxious of the two of us. She's as overt about it as you are about, well, everything else."

"Yeah, I'm not gonna deny that she got the obviousness from me." Robin agreed. "But she got the initial drive from you. You're the definition of a nice girl who just got the opportunity to misbehave."

"And what does that mean?" Lucina asked.

"It means, when things get steamy, you get *very* enthusiastic." Robin replied, smirking at Lucina's red face.

"So that's something I didn't need to hear." Chrom said. "And both of you are wrong. She got it from Sumia."

"Really?" Robin asked.

"Just trust me on this." The prince replied.

"Oh, I would think she got it from me." Aversa cooed.

"Aversa, we aren't blood-related." Robin said.

"She still needs a good role-model in her life!" Aversa exclaimed. "Especially since she inherited her mother's...assets."

"...I didn't stab her at the wedding, so can I stab her now?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because you love me."

"...Fine. But I get to next time."

"Of course. Big Brother can only do so much."

What exactly happened between Owain and Tharja?

"Nothing bad." Tharja replied. "I just put him through a combination of torture and hypnotism, and gave him a few code words to control his emotions if he ever hurts my little girl."

"Wait, what?" Owain asked, horrified.

"Plump Parakeet."

"Hello, Tharja!" Owain exclaimed happily. "How are you today?"

"He's completely under my control." She said. "If I want grandchildren, I just say 'Voluptuous Vestment.'"

"O-Owain!" Noire exclaimed, face bright red as the swordsman began to nibble on her neck. "W-w-w-what are you-?"

"And if I want the opposite, I say 'Yaoi Yak.'"

"I wonder what Inigo is up to." Owain said, pulling away from the still embarrassed Noire.

"I have a small list right here, with different commands for every occasion." Tharja said.

"M-mother?" Noire asked, nervously. "Do you mind if I…?"

"Here's a copy, dear." Tharja said, handing her daughter a piece of paper. "Try to go easy on the poor boy. I have a hunch I know which one you'll be using the most."

"I will, Mother." She replied cheerily.

Chrom and Priam arguing!

"You think you're better just because yours is bigger? It about skill!"

"I agree with you, Chrom, but I'll have you know that I know exactly how to use mine, size and all!"

"I bet it gets stuck all the time, right? You have trouble pulling it out?"

"You bet I do! It's much better than just sliding in and out without them even noticing!"

"A lot of people prefer it that way."

"Not Emmeryn."

"Emmeryn always complimented me on how I did it…"

"...What?"

"Yeah! I tried to show her how to do it a few times, but she never really got into it."

"..."

"So most of the time she would just watch me?"

"That's sick!"

"Why? It's her heritage, too."

"I heard rumors, but I always thought they were baseless!"

"I'm surprised you didn't already know? Didn't you ever let her hold your sword?"

"Well, yeah! The weird thing is that you have, too!"

"She asked me, and I didn't think it was a big deal. Is this one of your 'warrior pride' things?"

"No! It's sick!"

"Are you overprotective of it because you got it from Ike?"

"...Wait, when you say 'sword,' are you talking about your weapon?"

"Yeah. What did you think I was talking about?"

"...Don't worry about it. Let's just forget we had this conversation."

"Priam? Priam? Where are you going? What were you talking about? Priam? Priam!"

A Crossover with your Borderlands story! (Slight spoilers to that story, if you want to read it. I would say up to Chapter 19)

"So let me get this straight." Robin said. "You're that annoying robot mascot, but you're a human now?"

"Yup!" Claptrap replied. "It's really fun! And weirdly emotional!"

"Right." Robin said. "And you also happen to be super-overpowered, but those powers only come in after you die?"

"Yes!"

"And you still have the annoying personality?"

"I've become self-aware enough to admit that."

"On a planet full of crazy people who would kill you for the smallest of reasons?"

"Yup! It's just like when I was a robot,! Only, instead of leaking after getting shot, I die and go murder crazy on the bad guys!"

"...Get out of my story."

"But this one's popular! And you have a bunch of hot chicks roaming around! You gotta hook me up with one of them! You just have to make me stand near one of them during battles, right?"

"...I'm not going to dignify that with an answer." Robin said. "And, for that matter, all of them are married! And (judging by that spoiler warning on the top there) don't you have a girlfriend or something?"

"What spoiler warning?"

"No, you're not suppose to hear that part."

"Why? You said it."

"Well, I was talking to the-Look, never mind that! Just leave!"

"...Is this one of those 'you tell me to leave, but I pop up from time to time' things, or-"

"NOW."

"Fine! Fine! Sheesh!" Claptrap walked out of the room. "What crawled up your butt and died?" He left the office.

A minute later, he came back. "How did I get here?" He asked.

"I don't know. The outrealms are usually a good idea." Robin replied.

"Cool." Claptrap left again.

He came back five minutes later.

"Oh, Naga! What now?" Robin asked, annoyed.

"So I ran into that blue-headed dude." Claptrap said. "We talked for a bit, and I think I now a part of some animal herding thing. Who was he?"

"...Dammit, Chrom."

The best thing about doing all these prompts was being able to build up Morgan's character. She was originally going to tie everything into being a great tactician, just like Robin, but I like the direction she's taken.

I don't know why, but I think that, once you get past Tharja's spooky exterior, she talks a bit like a grandmother.

I haven't made as many dick jokes as I thought I should have. This should hopefully remedy that.

If you're not one of the, I'll say, ten people who read both this story and my other long-running story "Wayward Son: The Claptrap Story," then that last one probably confused you. In order to make it more accessible to people unfamiliar to Borderlands, I mainly just had Claptrap's personality support him here, as opposed to any references to the series. I might flip this around at some point and cross it over the other way, but I don't really know when or how that would turn out.

Up next: Laurent! (Normal version, not FSP)

Chapter 55: The Abandoned Son

Some parts of this were based off of a suggestion I got in a review.

"Laurent," Robin said to the mage across from him. "How well do you take criticism?"

"I have been told that I take it remarkably well." Laurent replied.

"That's good, because you're fired from the Shepherds, and I'm going to tell you why." Robin stated.

"...Do you even have that authority?" Laurent asked.

"...Look, this is, like, the last one." Robin said. "Or, at least, I think it is. I've said that a few times now. It's out of canon, and things got out of hand last time we did this."

"Very well." Laurent said, sounding confused.

"So what do we got here? Are you just going to be really curious about everything?" Robin asked. "From what I've gathered, you seem to be a more effective Miriel. You put all that prattling into practice."

"Thank you...I think." Laurent said.

"That doesn't change the fact that people still find it creepy that you follow them around." Robin replied.

Laurent inhaled sharply. "I understand." He said.

"...Right." Robin said, noting Laurent's reaction. "Also, to put it bluntly, you intimidate me."

"I'm sorry?" Laurent asked, confused.

"I know you were the tactician of the Shepherds in the failed timeline." Robin said.

"I wouldn't call it 'failed' so much as 'bad.'" Laurent corrected.

"Whatever." Robin said. "Point of the matter is, odds are, if something were to happen to me, you would probably be called to take my place."

"What about Morgan?"

"I haven't been able to compare you and Morgan, but the fact of the matter is that you actually have experience in these things." Robin said. "Now, I don't know how power-hungry you actually might be, but I'll have you know that the position of Royal Tactician is very influential. I'm pretty sure I have the power to make at least one random person disappear, no questions asked. Believe me, I looked into it. I would understand if you actually wanted any of that power, but I also realize that, if you did, the only thing standing between you and it would be me."

"What are you implying?" Laurent asked.

"What I'm implying is that you're a smart kid, Laurent." Robin replied.

"We're around the same age." Laurent said.

"Whatever." Robin continued. "You're smart, and you're also one of the few people I would be generally worried about if they started to oppose me. I mean, I'm sure I could outsmart you because 'Master Tactician' and all, but-"

"Don't you mean 'Grandmaster Tactician?'" Laurent asked.

"I took the perks, not the title." Robin replied. "Too bulky. Anyway, what I'm saying is I don't want to have to deal with you."

"Wait, you're firing me because of your own superstitions?" Laurent asked.

"...I suppose so." Robin replied.

"Are you sure you...can't tell me off about anything? Something I'm bad at? Anything?"

"Umm..."

"Could you please insult me? As I have heard you do to others?" Laurent asked, desperation in his voice.

"Laurent, you're being kinda creepy…" Robin said, nervously.

Laurent bit his lip and groaned. "Yes! Creepy!"

"Oh, Naga! Are you getting off on this?" Robin exclaimed, horrified.

Laurent's eyes widened, as he realized what he was doing. "M-My apologies." He said. "I lost control there for a second."

"Obviously." Robin said. "Care to explain?"

"I...I had a run in with Noire earlier today…and I realized how much I liked to...to be verbally abused." Laurent explained, shying under his hat in embarrassment.

"...The weirdest part of this whole thing is finding out about all the Shepherds weird fetishes." Robin commented. "Look, that's...fine and all, but maybe you shouldn't use others to get your...sexual urges off of. That the definition of creepy- Don't." He added, noticing Laurent tensing as he spoke down on him.

"I suppose you're right." Laurent replied. "I should get going. I've embarrassed myself enough as it is."

"Wait." Robin said, as Laurent began to walk out of the room. "The fact that you were trying to get me to verbally abuse you...Does that mean you're…?" Robin made a couple of hand gestures.

"...I've found appeal in both genders." Laurent admitted.

"Right." Robin said. "Just wanted to put that out there. The fans love their yaoi and whatnot."

"...Very well." Laurent said, as he left the office.

"...Now we just wait for the disappointed reviews about the lack of out-of-continuity hook-ups." Robin said. "It's not that kind of story, folks."

Take that however you will.

Up next: Me.

Chapter 56: Selfie

This was weird to write. I don't think I'm cut out for the self-insert stuff. Given Robin's personality, I was talking to myself most of the time.

I trust you guys with my first name.

This references Asleep by Gone2GroundEX and Daydreams and Nightmares by lambentLodestar.

"Ha." Robin said to the young man seated across from him.

"Shut up." The brown-haired man with a noticeable white patch of hair said.

"Ha. Ha Ha. Ha." Robin dryly laughed.

"I created you. Shut up." The man said, annoyed.

"You didn't create me." Robin said. "Nintendo did. Nintendo and the Internet!"

"I wrote this fic!" The man exclaimed.

"And you still are." Robin explained. "I'm just going to wait for it to hit you."

"...Shit." The man sighed. "I'm a self-insert."

"Look on the bright side." Robin said. "Some of the most popular stories in this archive are self-inserts!"

"I suppose, but I think this story wound up being pretty popular." The man replied.

"Whatever." Robin said. "So how is this going to work? Do you have like any special powers or anything?"

"What do you mean?" The man asked.

"Well, maybe this is like Asleep, and you're stuck here forever, with special powers and stuff." Robin suggested.

"Yeah, but that would mean I also have an evil opposite running around." The man replied. "That sounds troublesome. I don't feel like I have any special skills or anything, aside from whatever I had before."

"Well, what about Daydreams and Nightmares? Is this all just a dream to you or something?" Robin asked, then paused. "Why do all of these have titles related to sleep?"

"I'm not really sure." The man replied. "Maybe it has to do with the 'Awakening' subtitle."

"That's a thing in the game." Robin replied. "I think we could figure all of this out a lot faster if we just knocked you out."

"I...don't want to be knocked out." The man nervously replied.

"Suck it up. I wanna solve a mystery!" Robin exclaimed, attempting to climb over his desk. The man panicked and pushed away from the desk.

"Robin?" Chrom asked, from the door. "What are you doing?"

"Interview." Robin replied, before realizing this was the exact wrong thing to say to Chrom about a stranger.

"Interview?" Chrom asked, then brightened up. "Oh! Hello!" Chrom extended a hand to the confused stranger in front of him. "Welcome to the Shepherds!"

Robin groaned.

"I...I didn't finish the...interview…?" The man said, confused.

"Nonsense!" Chrom replied. "You seem pretty nice! Welcome to the team...Um, what's your name?"

"My name...is…" The man paused, thinking. Robin looked at him, somewhat interested in what he would say. "Is...Ed...Eddard?"

Robin made a noise that seemed to be the cross between a groan, a sigh, and a laugh.

Chrom grabbed Eddard's hand. "Well, it's great to have you on the team, Eddard! I look forward to seeing what you can do!" He promptly turned around and left the office.

"...What just happened?" Eddard asked.

"You just met Autopilot Chrom." Robin replied. "He does what he assumes his duties are, but he never stops to think about them. Usually that happens when he has something major on his mind. I think little Cynthia's on the way."

"That's...nice?" Eddard said.

"Anyway, seriously?" Robin asked. "'Eddard?'"

"I panicked!" Eddard exclaimed. "We were talking about what kind of self insert this was, and I didn't know if I wanted to give my real first name or make something up!"

"So you chose Eddard?" Robin skeptically asked.

"It seemed like a compromise!" Eddard exclaimed.

"...Your name's Eddie."

"And the people here can still call me Eddie." Eddie replied. "Just...just in a fancy way."

"You're probably going to regret naming yourself after a Sean Bean character." Robin said.

"What if I was taking the name off of the book character?" Eddie asked.

"You didn't read the books." Robin said.

"Robin?" A voice interrupted. Robin and Eddie turned around to see Tiki standing at the door. "I wanted to talk to you about-" She looked at Eddard. "Oh. Who's this?"

"Oh crap." Eddie said, before regaining his composure. "I-I mean, uh, my name's Eddie- I mean, Eddard! Yes. That. My friends call me Eddie."

"Smooth." Robin commented.

"Well, it's nice to meet you, Eddie." Tiki smiled. "I suppose I'll see you later." She left the office.

"...She came in here for a reason, didn't she?" Eddie asked.

"I'm pretty sure the two of you are being hung on red string right now." Robin commented.

"Yeah, that wasn't even subtle." Eddie complained.

"Are you seriously complaining?" Robin asked.

"Kinda. This is just going to get awkward." Eddie replied.

"Please. All good self-inserts have themselves paired up with their favorite character." Robin said.

"It wasn't as obvious in Daydreams and Nightmares." Eddie commented.

"Stop comparing yourself to other stories." Robin commented. "I think it's become pretty clear that you're not cut out for self-insert stories."

"I don't really even like Tiki." Eddie said. "I mean, yeah, she's pretty, but so are all the other characters. None of them really stood out to me."

"Everything has a reason." Robin said.

"...I know my writing, and this is probably setting up a joke. I'm somewhat frightened."

"...A beautiful woman just showed interest in you. I assume." Robin said. "This is really crappy romantic writing. "

"It could be worse." Eddie said. "It could just skip any relationship development and cut right to the romantic crap."

Later

"Knock knock."

"Who's there?"

"The interrupting cow."

"The interrupting co-"

"MOOO!"

Tiki laughed. She and Eddie were having a picnic on top of a hill, under the setting sun.

"You know, Tiki," Eddie said. "I know there's a chance this might be the emotions of losing my home and all of my loved ones talking, but I really think I've gotten to know you over the last hour."

"Yes." Tiki replied. "I couldn't agree more."

"...I have something I need to admit to you, before this goes any further." Eddie said, embarrassed. "You remember that time you heard a voice you thought was Naga, and that voice made you eat a tree?"

"Yes?" Tiki replied.

"Well, I...may have been that voice." Eddie admitted. "I know that was embarrassing for you, and I hope you find it in your heart to forgive me."

Tiki smiled.

"So you just ate him?" Robin asked, taking a sip of tea.

"Yup." Tiki replied. They were having tea in Robin's office.

"...Now, when you say 'ate,' is that a sexual thing?" Robin asked.

"I turned into a dragon and ate him up." Tiki clarified.

"Do you think you might have overdone it?" Robin asked. "I mean, he seemed like a nice enough guy."

"You've never eaten a tree before, have you, Robin?" Tiki asked.

"True enough." Robin replied.

Suddenly, the door slammed open. Robin and Tiki turned to see a man who looked a lot like Eddie, only he had a curly, pencil-thin mustache.

"Greetings, fools!" The man exclaimed. "I am Black Patch! I am here to kill Eddie, the White Spot! Then I can return to my various evil acts! Bwahahahaha!"

"Huh. Turns out it was Asleep." Robin commented.

"I'm afraid you're too late." Tiki told him. "I ate him."

"...Drat." Black Patch cursed. "I suppose all I can do now is terrorize the land! I'm off to loosen all of your salt-shakers!" He galloped out of the room.

"Should we stop him?" Tiki asked.

"He's harmless." Robin said. "He's only as powerful as Eddie, and Eddie was remarkably weak, compared to all of us." Robin took another sip of tea. "Someone will probably kill him."

Black Patch was mainly a joke based off the description of the rules of the Asleep story. In case you don't know, the inserts get to power themselves up, but, in doing so, they create evil alternates, with equal but contradictory powers. They also tend to have foiling personalities. I didn't give my self insert any powers, and I consider myself a bit of a quite and good person, so Black Patch is obnoxious and cartoonishly evil, but harmless.

So yeah. That was this chapter. The next one is the last one, and I don't think any of you have any idea how this will go down.

I'll tell you this: Up next is Morgan and Morgan. In a way.

Chapter 57: Invisible Ties

I figured the best way to end this story was to ramble. The ending is kinda sudden, but I think this chapter still has a few laughs in it.

Robin was seated at his desk, reading the guide-book for the next Super Smash Brothers game. He looked up.

"Oh." Robin said. "Hello. Didn't see you come in." He put down the book. "Now, I suppose this is the end of our little adventure. We've all laughed, cried...well, I don't think anybody really cried. Nothing emotional really happened. We spent most of this year dicking around. But now it's time to close this chapter of the story."

"...The story's not over, though." Robin said, then paused. "Well, what I mean by that is this one won't be updating. There will be other things, though, the things the author won't shut up about."

"If you like OCs and watching the author build backstories, then you may want to keep an eye out for 'Failed a Spotpass' coming soon to this website. If my romantic life interests you more, then you may want to check out 'Fixer Upper,' which is also coming to this same website."

"Finally, if you just want more of this with even more characters and a bit more of a plotline, you're going to have to wait until the end of the year for 'Smash Cut,' the Smash Brothers version of this story. The author has to wait for the game to come out, to know who's in the roster and to actually get a chance to play it."

"So, as it stands, there are three spinoffs of this story. However, did you know that there was, at one point, one that didn't make it?" Robin asked, as he pulled out a script. "Yes, this is the lost spin-off to 'Decruited.' The story that was never meant to be told."

"Until now."

And Robin began to narrate.

"Alright, Morgan." Morgan said. "Are you ready to go back to your original world?" The two Morgans were standing at the Outrealm gate.

"Is Mother there?" Morgan asked his blue headed, female counterpart.

"Probably." Morgan replied to the white-haired boy. "We'll find out soon enough." She saw a figure approached them from the other side of the gate.

"...Morgan?"

"Lucina! My love!" Morgan exclaimed.

Morgan looked at the alternate version of her mother. It was somewhat strange, how they were completely identical. The only other two people she had heard of from this dimension was her alternate, who somewhat resembled her, and her father's alternate, who looked nothing like him.

"Oh." Lucina said, unhappily. "You're...here."

"Yes I am, love!" Morgan exclaimed. "And now we can be together forever!"

Lucina sighed, then noticed the other Morgan. "Who are you?" She asked.

"Oh! Uh...I'm…"

"What's that?" Lucina suddenly exclaimed. "You're Morgan's lover? He cheated on me? Well, I guess we're going to have to break up, Morgan! It's a shame, considering how close we are. It's a good thing none of this is my fault! Gee wiz." She said quickly.

Morgan wasn't entirely convinced.

Morgan, on the other hand…

"...Waaaaaaaaaah!" He exclaimed, running away crying.

"...That was kind of harsh." Morgan said to the other Lucina.

"It might have been, but I really needed a way out of that relationship." Lucina explained.

"Because of the mother thing." Morgan said.

"I started dating him because he seemed sweet." Lucina explained. "I didn't realize how deep it went until he refused to kiss me, insisting that 'his lips were only for his mother.'"

"Huh." Morgan said. "That's...pretty creepy. Good thing I was never that bad. So what's the sex like?"

"W-What?!" Lucina exclaimed. "I just met you! Why would I tell you about my sex life?!"

"I can think of a few reasons." Morgan said. "But, now that I think about it, given circumstances you probably won't understand, that questions actually is pretty creepy. Why don't you just break up with him normally?"

"Have you met his parents?" Lucina asked, shivering. "They are two terrifying people. If I were to break up with their son, they would probably kill me...or worse!"

"Right. He is a bit of a...special case." Morgan said. "...What if I took him under my wing? Showed him the ropes to...normality?"

"I'm going to be honest with you: I don't really have much of a vested interest in his recovery." Lucina said. "If you manage to get him out of the whole 'momma's boy' thing, I guess I could give him a second chance."

"Great!" Morgan exclaimed. "I won't disappoint you, Mo...um..Mocina?"

"Mocina?" Lucina asked.

"Yeah. Mocina." Morgan replied. "That's your name in this universe. Little different thing."

"That's weird." Lucina said. "...So your hair-"

"Oh look at that!" Morgan exclaimed. "The theme song!"

"What-"

---

*(***AN: Think of any old sitcom theme. Anything will work. Just ramble these lyrics as though they were set to a corny sitcom opening theme. Also imagine all the characters doing random sitcom opening stunts, such as opening doors at the same time and smiling, or walking down stairs.)**

Invisible ties!

Starring: Morgan as Morgan!

Connecting us through fate!

Morgan as Morgan!

Invisible ties!

Michael Cera as Yarne!

We'll stick together, no matter the date!

? as Henry!

We'll get through this strife together!

Robin as Himself!

Thick through thin, no matter the weather!

And introducing Rook the dog!

Invisible ties!

Morgan was sitting on the couch, reading a book, when two white-haired men entered the house she shared with Yarne and Morgan.

"Oh!" She looked up from her book. "Hi, Morgan."

"Hi, Morgan." Morgan replied.

(***Audience laughs)***

"Hello, Mr. Henry." Morgan said.

"Nay-ha!" Henry exclaimed. "We killed the dog!"

(Audience goes apeshit)

"Really?" Morgan said.

"Well, not-dad wanted to see if we could make it talk like a person." Morgan said.

"I love shows that have talking dogs!" Henry exclaimed. "I figured putting human parts in it would make it talk like a person!"

(Audience screams in horror)

"...Maybe it wasn't such a good idea to have you spend time with your father." Morgan said.

"My not-father." Morgan replied.

"Right." Morgan said. "We should try something else to wean you off your mother."

"Speaking of Mother, when can I send her another letter." Morgan asked.

"When did you send your last letter?" Morgan asked him, as if she was talking to a child.

"Yesterday." Morgan replied.

"What did I tell you?" Morgan asked him.

Morgan sighed. "I have to wait a month after sending one letter to send another one, and three days after getting one back."

"Right." Morgan said.

The door opened again.

"Hello, Morgan!" Robin exclaimed.

He waited.

"...I said, 'HELLO MORGAN!'" Robin shouted.

(Crickets)

Robin looked up from the script he was reading, annoyed.

"You know what? Screw you guys! I don't need an audience. We can go Office on this story!"

"Hello, Morgan!" Robin exclaimed.

"Dad!" Morgan said. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm just here to tell you guys about the upcoming ball." Robin said.

"*I'm really excited about this ball." Robin told the camera. "I'm not really a big dance guy, but I'm just anticipating the pointless drama!"*

"*This is probably the best thing I could ask for right now!" Morgan exclaimed. "What better way to get Morgan's mind off of his mother then to get him a date to the ball! I just have to find someone to hook him up with!" She paused. "Wait….all my friends are already taken….This could get tricky."*

"*I can't wait to write to Mother about this!" Morgan exclaimed. "Maybe I could get her to come out and be my date!"*

"*I heard that blood is blue when it's inside of the body." Henry mused. "I should try and find a way to see it! Nay-ha!"*

"Actually, let's stop this." Robin said. "The last thing we need is a look in the head of Henry."

"...Are you going to say anything else, Dad?" Morgan asked.

"What?" Robin asked.

"You're just...stand there. You only mentioned the dance." Morgan said.

"Oh. Yeah, that's all I got." Robin replied. "Come on, Henry. You should leave the kids alone."

"Alright!" Henry exclaimed.

Robin looked at him. "No creepy comment?"

"Day's still young!" Henry exclaimed. "I wonder how days age. Can they die?"

The two men left, leaving the two Morgans alone.

"Morgan! We have to get you a date for the dance!" Morgan exclaimed.

"I was actually thinking of asking my Mother." Morgan said.

"But don't you see?" Morgan exclaimed. "This is a great opportunity for you to learn how deal with girls that aren't your mother!"

"But what if I don't want to?" Morgan asked.

"Then you'll never win Lucina back!" Morgan replied.

"...Isn't Lucina going with your dad?" Morgan asked.

"I meant your Lucina!" Morgan exclaimed.

"Oh!" Morgan exclaimed. "I get it! Who's my date then?"

"Well, actually-"

"You know what?" Robin said. "I'm just going to skip around. This wasn't picked up for a reason."

Chrom walked up onto the stage the band was set up.

"I would like to welcome all of you to…" He looked at the piece of paper he was holding. "'The First Annual Ball of the Shepherds and Assorted Guests.' I hope you all enjoy yourselves. Also, someone spiked the punch. They left a note, saying the punch was spiked, so we replaced the bowl. It was signed with a black spot. It was a really bad prank. I hope you do better next time."

"Yarne!" Morgan exclaimed. "This is so exciting!" She was holding Yarne by the arm- practically dragging him into the dance hall.

"I don't know, Morgan!" Yarne exclaimed. "I've never been good at dances!"

"You'll be fine!" Morgan exclaimed,tightening her grip. "We can figure it out together! And you know," she purred, "We can figure out a few other things together after the dance!"

"O-O-OH!" A stuttering Yarne exclaimed. "Morgan! Other Morgan! Male Morgan! Hi!" He gestured with his free hand toward the young man. "H-How's your date?"

"I'm having a bit of trouble with them." Morgan admitted.

"What's wrong?" Morgan asked.

"Them?" Yarne asked

"Yes!" Morgan exclaimed. "Them!"

"How?" Morgan asked.

"Everybody in this town wears the same thing!" Morgan exclaimed. "I asked one girl, she said yes, I confused her with another girl, and now I'm somehow going with both!"

"...Seriously?" Robin exclaimed. "The 'two dates to the prom' thing? Let's see here…" He flipped through the rest of the pages. "Yeah, this is crap. I'm not entirely sure why I thought this was a good idea." He threw the script behind him. "Anyway, I guess that's that. See you all around."

I committed to not changing the Morgan's names. It's kinda confusing but still somewhat fun.

Yup. That was a thing.

I hope you all enjoyed this chapter. And, I guess, I hope you all enjoyed this story. I'm ending it on this...random note. Odds are, if you liked it, you'll like some of my other stuff, which Robin mentioned.

Thanks to everyone who reviewed the story! It's been fun!

Chapter 58: Mario (Smash Cut)

Guess what I just started? I'm posting the first chapter here so you all know about it. Go to my profile to find the real story!

Some people are going to be really excited about this, others have no idea what's going on, so I'll explain.

Back in January, I began writing a Fire Emblem story called 'Decruited.' Robin would meet with each individual member of his team and fire them from the army. Robin, unlike his canon self, was snarky, fourth wall aware, and a bit of a dick. It was very reminiscent to "Ex-Men" from the Pete Holmes Show.

It was a pretty popular story, if I do say so myself. I realized I could do the same thing with Smash brothers, given how the plot works. In fact, I realized I could increase the scope a bit and make it actually have a story.

To those who care, this story isn't going to be connected to the other two stories that came from Decruited. It's more of a direct sequel, so don't worry about me getting my OC peanut butter mixed with my Smash jelly.

I'll probably reference Fire Emblem Awakening at times throughout the story, if it's called for. Most of the time it might just be a name or a character, so if it goes too in-depth, I'll explain it at the end of the chapter.

Another thing I should warn you about it, spoiler-wise, everything from anything is fair game. I won't just throw out spoilers pointlessly. I'll only do so if the plot (or the comedy) demands it.

The story is split into five different parts. The first four will be the various meetings between Robin and the fighters, split between the four Smash games. The last one deals with the underline plot that's going to be going through the entire story.

Hope you like it!

"Mario, you've become a bit of a polarizing figure." Robin said.

"...It's-a-me, Mario." Mario said. "I'm-a an icon! How am I polarizing?"

"Well, not only are you a somewhat racist Italian stereotype that's been made surprisingly popular, but you also seem to be pandering too much to a Western audience." Robin replied.

"Pandering? How am I-a pandering?" Mario asked.

"You can literally wear the American flag." Robin stated.

"What's-a wrong with that?" Mario asked. "I-a wore it in an old golfing game!"

"Really." Robin said. "Do you honestly think anyone remembers that?"

"...Weegee wears an outfit from some old-a anime we were in, and we-a already have a bunch of obscure-a characters." Mario said. "What's the harm in-a pandering a little?"

"Look, I just wanted to talk to you about wearing some different outfits." Robin said. "More people might be included if we have you wear the colors of all the other countries."

"How many countries are there with flags?" Mario asked.

"...Around 75…" Robin admitted. "This might not work . I doubt that they could all fit in the game."

"What?" Mario asked.

"Yeah, you're right. Might just be easier to pander to the US. Naga knows they eat that shit up." Robin admitted. "Now, the second thing on this list is that you want to change your moveset? What's wrong with it?"

"I was-a thinking that maybe we could make it all FLUDD based." Mario said.

"...Why would anybody want that?" Robin asked.

"Well, you know how popular it was back in the last-a Brawl, right?" Mario asked.

"...That's because everything was based on the Gamecube era." Robin said, then paused. "That doesn't really mean anything to you. Let's just say that this time everything should be based off Galaxy."

"But I like-a FLUDD!" Mario exclaimed. "It's my-a favorite move to use in battle."

"I doubt it even works that much." Robin stated. "Besides, I think we've scratched all the nostalgia points we need to. We got Pac-man, Mega Man, Duck Hunt, and, from Sunshine, Bowser Jr, not to mention all of his siblings." Robin said.

Mario sighed. "Fine." He said.

"Good." Robin said. They sat there in silence for a few moments. "So what's up between you and Peach?"

"What do you-a mean?" Mario asked.

"Do you guys have...something going on?" Robin asked. "Like, you know, me and Lucina?"

"Oh...I know what you-a mean." Mario said, wiggling his eyebrows. "She makes me cake."

"Yeah."

"Oh, yeah."

"..."

"..."

"...You mean real cake, don't you?"

"Well, what else would I-a mean?" Mario asked. "Doesn't Lucina make you-a cake?"

"She tried, once, but it wound up-" Robin stopped himself. "Not the point. Mario, anyone can make anybody cake. What's a special thing couples can do?"

"...Ice cream cake?"

"I'm talking about sex, Mario."

"...Is that something like-a red velvet?"

"Oh Naga." Robin sighed. "I am not giving the mascot of Nintendo the sex talk. I should find someone who knows this kind of stuff to do it."

"You mean like-a Doctor Mario?" Mario asked.

"Don't patronize me." Robin said.

"What?" Mario said. "He's my doctor, too."

"You know what?" Robin said. "We can talk about this later. Why don't you go get an extra life or whatever it is you do in your free time?"

"Okie Dokie!" Mario exclaimed. "So long-a, Robin!"

Robin sighed as Mario left.

"How did I let that gloved asshole talk me into this?"

Guys, Mario can be a bit boring to write, but I think I found it near the end. I would have gone more into the Doctor Mario stuff, but then I'd be out of stuff for his chapter.

Up next: Donkey Kong!